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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The debate on the Address ended tamely, but as compared with other years, admirably soon. Quite rightly on Thursday evening very few members stayed to hear Sir Howard Vincent talk about aliens, or Mr. Gerald Balfour make his very ineffective reply. It is absurd to say that legislation is overwhelmingly "difficult". The point is that a Royal Commission—before which some startling evidence of the criminal percentage of aliens was heard on the day of the amendment—is now sitting, and will be for some time, and to press for legislation in the interval is neither good sense nor good taste. But with the exception of the amendment on Thursday the level of the debating, as Lord Rosebery said at Glasgow, was on a high plane. On the whole essential, not accidental, issues were discussed. But Lord Rosebery said the right thing, as often, by accident: he confessed to a failure to read the one exceptional debate; and he missed the point of the army debate, if he thought that Mr. Brodrick's victory was due to party pressure.

Mr. Asquith in his well-worded speech on Mr. Beckett's amendment on the army said that the debate was more important than the division. Perhaps he had a shrewd anticipation of the figures of the division; if so his knowledge was not widely shared among supporters of the Government. Instead of a majority of 116, a Government defeat or at any rate the withdrawal of the army scheme was solemnly discussed in some quarters as a serious possibility. But Mr. Asquith had this much reason for his sharp distinction between the debate and the division. The majority did not so much avow their preference for the details of the new organisation as assert their conviction in favour of a largely increased army. All discussion about the six army corps centred on the meaning of a technical term rather than on the new level of effective strength which it was decided by the Government that the country needed; and no one whose ideas have moved with the advance in the needs of the Empire, who remembers our humiliating difficulties in China caused by nothing but want of men, can do anything but acknowledge that Mr. Brodrick has done national service, even if his six army corps were the forms of things unseen with little but a local habitation and a name. He was able to prove—and the point is the vital one—that recruiting had been on a greatly increased scale and

that if the bulk of the soldiers now in Africa could be brought back to England, we should have at least an effective skeleton of the army he promised.

But more than this Mr. Brodrick did a good service by stating without reserve the changed position of the militia and yet more of the volunteers. It was shown again and again in the debate that the meaning of an empire has not yet reached the intelligence of the House of Commons. The volunteers were founded for the defence of the British Isles before the Empire had become in its present sense organic, vital and vulnerable at any point. No integral division of the Empire's forces can now have a practical definition, until at any rate each portion of the Empire makes itself responsible for local defence. Mr. Brodrick, though he knew the unpopularity of his view and the effect it would have on the volunteers, has the sense, if not the imagination, to see that a small number without local restrictions has more value than the biggest home force, now that Britain can be invaded in the Antipodes. Mr. Brodrick had against him a number of the service members; and they had the candour to confess their own limitations by quoting as their authority Mr. Amery, a civilian and a journalist who is in favour of reducing the forces in India, the point at which by general confession the danger to the Empire is acutest. "To answer the service members" it was said the other day, "you have only to look up the Army List and see why they left the service".

Lord Selborne's speech to the Unionist Association of South S. Pancras on Wednesday was not innocent of platitudes, and was too wide to admit of depth; but it is a unique experience to find a First Lord of the Admiralty spending his rhetoric on putting the claims of the army. Perhaps he was answering the compliments of the many speakers in the army debate who emphasised the claims of the navy; and one may take this wise association of the services, too seldom in the past treated as sister, as part of the change of sentiment which has culminated in the Council of Defence. He not only spoke as much on the army as on the navy, but he was sounder on the subject. Indeed it is to be regretted that in discussing the new schemes of naval training he did not stick to his guns. Amalgamation is a theoretical ideal which may become distinctly dangerous if hope is held out that its practical realisation is merely a matter of time. Lord Selborne should have refrained from prophesying. In doing so he cultivates popularity at the expense of his successors on whom the burden of decision must fall.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday to start a club for soldiers and sailors, who are passing through London. It is to be called

the Union Jack Club and the club buildings are to be in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Station. No fewer than 160,000 soldiers and 60,000 sailors go from Waterloo Station each year; and a considerable number of them are driven to much discomfort and a good deal of intemperance solely from having nowhere to go. During the Coronation weeks few details of organisation were more successful than the institution of the Colonial Troops Club; and a similar institution for our own soldiers and sailors is a plain duty. The scheme will need a good deal of money, but when started a certain income can be assured by subscriptions from the profit on various canteens. As we were reminded at the meeting, all the army and navy are composed of volunteers. Soldiers and sailors are not by derivation a separate class, and they are certainly not in the bulk the noisy swaggering drunken product represented in the most popular pictures of Tommy Atkins. They have as high an ideal of *bien être* as other people and it is a national duty that they should be provided with the means of reaching it.

A copy of "Acland and Ransome" not being at hand, we fail to recall at the moment exactly where and when it was that Strongbow did land in Ireland—it is the sort of Hengist and Horsa date that everybody forgets—but no doubt Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Morley had the facts at their finger-ends when they agreed that there had not since his landing been such an occasion in Irish political history as the debate on the Irish Land Conference on Wednesday in the House of Commons. They were thinking of its affability not its brilliance, though brilliant it was in parts. We are not at all sure that the Chief Secretary would in Nationalist eyes, during that debate, by comparison have cut a poor figure beside even his namesake of the eighteenth century—"the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous Wyndham". Ingenious his speech was indeed. Quite properly he would not give the Irish a glimpse even by implication of his Land Bill, he would not say a word to show that he was prepared to adopt any of the proposals of the Land Conference report; and yet he delighted apparently the Irish and everybody. We hope the House enjoyed to the full the dexterity of the performance. The importance of the report of the Land Conference, he said, lay in the fact that it was not official: the wisdom of those who drew up the report was instanced by their avoidance of detail, by the fact that they had "confined their report to considerations of a partial character in which they were interested and which they were entitled to represent". This was very daring and clever. We almost fear for Mr. Wyndham's next speech: it is impossible to keep up to such a standard long.

But the whole debate was extremely interesting. We do not know that we can quite swallow Colonel Saunderson, lately fire-eater, when he dwells in melting mood on the "peaceable thrifty and well-to-do" Irish tenants. His anxiety to persuade "John Bull that they are so" makes one half suspicious. Mr. William O'Brien, too, forgot his everyday hysterics to grow half maudlin over the kind feelings entertained by Irish tenants towards Irish landlords, and to picture the surprise thereof of the "landlord camp in England". Yet these two instances of over acting did not seriously mar the play. Mr. Redmond, who opened with his motion that the Government should take advantage of the Land Conference report, was at his best: it is just the sort of well-organised debate that suits him—Mr. Healy is better in the small hours of the morning when nothing has been arranged overnight. Mr. Redmond perorated with effect on the "golden opportunity". Erin stood pleading at the Bar of that House. He was eloquent on the importance of this land question being settled lest the "industrial" future of Ireland be imperilled. Mr. Horace Plunkett—was he not the "puny statesman" of one of Mr. Redmond's recent speeches?—may well have smiled when he read this. We fancy Mr. Redmond must have had his eye on Mr. Plunkett of late.

On the Opposition side, if there can be said to have been an Opposition on Wednesday, Mr. Morley was

rather practical than ornamental. His speech was full of interest. He calculates that, if a plan similar to that of the Conference report is adopted, the actual burden thrown on the British ratepayers will not be more than £50,000 a year. The difference between what the tenants can give and the landlords are willing to take as fair payment would take the form of a free grant, capitalised, of some twenty-two million pounds, together possibly with a liability of a hundred millions. He has calculated that large retrenchments could be effected, particularly in regard to the Irish judges, and has his eye on their yearly sixty-four thousand pounds together with the incomes of the registrars and others. The saving on the Irish Constabulary would be slower than supposed, and he is not hopeful that the Land Commission could be reduced speedily. There was one point made by several speakers in this debate, of which we shall hear a great deal presently. Mr. Redmond hinted not obscurely that it must not be imagined by the British taxpayer that by making this free grant he was buying out Home Rule. And the Liberal leaders pushed this point home earnestly. We shall be very interested to hear what Lord Rosebery has to say in this matter. He can feel the pulse of the "predominant partner" in a matter of this kind with more skill than any Liberal to-day.

Mr. Chamberlain sailed from the Cape on Wednesday and in two or three weeks he will have cut his own tracks and completed the circle of his own voyage. The geographical point is not unimportant. His journey stands as a marked sign that the new colonies are becoming as approachable from the north-east as from the south. The whole tour is a wonderful success on paper. Perhaps on paper it is even a climax, though there has been no attempt at the Cape to cap the generosity of Natal. In the new colonies his visit can only have done good, not only because he has made it clear to everyone that the Government means to fulfil the obligations of the Vereeniging Treaty generously and not to be tricked or bluffed into further concession; but because he has succeeded in giving the Colonial Office a real and personal meaning in the eyes of an unimaginative people. His spirited and tactful speeches, effective in their local application, also prepared for Mr. Chamberlain a more sympathetic welcome in the Cape; and the sense of cumulative expectancy had its value. But it is one thing to deal with an enemy who has fought well and on the whole taken a beating well; quite another to manage a supposed friend that has sucked much advantage from the war it stimulated.

As he left the Cape Mr. Chamberlain said he was as confirmed an optimist as when he landed at Beira on St. Stephen's Day; but the basis of his optimism is not yet very concrete. He has indeed driven home on every occasion the duty of wiping out racial animosity and he can point to two considerable successes. Mr. De Waal the secretary of the Bond has preached enthusiastically from Mr. Chamberlain's text and Mr. Hofmeyr, its president, has issued a conciliation manifesto, which the Dutch Church is helping to distribute. If it is honestly done, it is good work; but it is the test of its honesty that is missing. The climax Mr. Chamberlain reserved was a suggestion that if they were all very good friends, a general pardon for political offenders would be agreeable to the Imperial Government. It is all very well for Mr. Chamberlain thus to ensure a speeding salute from the Bond; but to loyalists here and in Africa the climax must appear as a gross bathos. There is no sort of proof that Cape politicians are going to alter the attitude they have kept up these hundred years and any concession which anticipates proof of good feeling is likely to be accepted in the Cape as the Majuba surrender was taken by the Boers. "Loyalty does not pay" is a phrase that rightly offended Mr. Chamberlain. But does he wish to prove that treason does pay? It assuredly will do, in a yet greater measure than at present, if all those who committed the capital offence of treason are to be let loose to the joys of political intriguing and free boycotting.

The Alaska frontier is giving us one more specimen of the American conception of honour. Everyone who has taken any note of the expressed views of Senator

Lodge and Secretary Root, two of the three American Commissioners on the Alaskan Treaty, knows that their minds are made up. The case is prejudged. Now the fact is corroborated with unexpected emphasis from an unexpected quarter. "Our correspondent" in the "Times" of Thursday quotes "a very high Government official" as saying that "any American who granted Canada's claims or any part of them could not continue to live in this country". He goes on to explain that the Senate only consented to ratify the treaty on the understanding that Senators Lodge and Turner and Secretary Root, the three men who were known to be invincible Chauvinists, should be put on the Commission. "Our own correspondent" explains this away the next day, it is true. But of the two "Times" New York correspondents we prefer "our" to "our own", having found him to be less prejudiced than is Mr. Smalley. This is the most shameless breach of international faith that the ingenuity of even American politicians has devised for a long time. It is committed by a nation whom we are daily told to embrace and to whom we lose few chances of subservience; and it is permitted by a President whom we still believe the best of American politicians.

The purchase of ships belonging to the Beever and other lines by the Canadian Pacific Railway is an incident in the Transatlantic trade contest on which the whole Empire may congratulate itself. It is encouraging proof that Canada is not prepared to allow the Americans to "boss" the business of the North Atlantic. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy on the Canadian side and Sir Alfred Jones on the English side have done a service in carrying through the deal which should be widely recognised. Its importance is emphasised by the speech delivered by Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop of the Allan line at Thursday's meeting of the Glasgow Shipowners' Association. British maritime supremacy, he said, is menaced by the resolve of the great American railways to do their own carrying trade on land and sea. We agree with Mr. Dunlop that Great Britain should take steps to declare her seaborne trade an empire trade, in which only the vessels of those nations which admit her to a friendly participation of their reserves should be permitted to share. Towards that end the action of the Canadian Pacific Railway should prove a material contribution.

A curious piece of legislation is now before the Indian Legislative Council. It is an Act promoted by those concerned in the tea industry to impose an export duty in order to form a fund for pushing Indian teas in foreign markets. A measure of the same sort has been for some time in force in Ceylon with the best results. Such an enterprise is usually left to voluntary combination but the apathy or selfishness of Indian tea-planters has neutralised the attempt, though as a body they assent to compulsory self-taxation for the same purpose. The tax only amounts to one penny on every 48 lbs. of tea exported. This microscopic duty is calculated to fall on the producer. The fund will be administered by a representative committee of those interested and the accounts will be subject to an official audit. America is regarded as a particularly hopeful field. At present only 18 per cent. of India tea goes to foreign countries. The operation of the new cess is limited in the first instance to five years.

All but specialists in the politics of the Balkan States will find difficulty in justifying the prolonged fuss over the Austro-Russian note to the Sultan. The speed with which it was passed by the Powers and accepted by the Sultan is proof of its comparative harmlessness. Several of the articles had previously leaked out and those the most important. The Inspector-General of the Vilayets is to have authority to use the troops at his disposal for the suppression of disorder without waiting for special leave from Constantinople. If the Inspector-General is a good man this provision is admirable, but as of old all depends on the man appointed. The gendarmerie are to be composed of Christians and Mussulmans in proportion to the popu-

lations of the various districts and the rural police will be Christians where the majority of the inhabitants are Christians. It is also a move in the right direction that the provincial taxes are to be devoted in the first place to the needs of the local administration and some modifications in the method of collecting tithes are to be introduced. The Ottoman Government further promises in a general way to check the injuries inflicted on Christians by bands of Armenians. The whole thing does not amount to much because practically all the provisions — except perhaps the compulsion put upon the Ottoman Government to maintain the Inspector-General at his post for a definite number of years — depend for their effectual working solely on the spirit in which they are carried out. Still it is something that the European Concert has done a piece of business within a week; and the general satisfaction is a refreshingly new factor in connexion with the Concert.

Four bishoprics, Winchester, Exeter, S. Albans and Newcastle have been filled up this week. No one will object to the translation of Dr. Herbert Ryle from Exeter to Winchester on any personal grounds. Dr. Ryle is a distinguished scholar and has administered his diocese admirably. He has been conspicuously free from partisanship. The other three appointments suggest worthy mediocrity; with the qualification that Bishop Jacob has an unusual capacity for work in the nature of organisation. The punctilious exclusion of High Churchmen from these appointments might be passed over in silence but for the slight to the Bishop of Rochester. Dr. Talbot is one of the most distinguished men on the Bench and one of the very best bishops we have. To refuse him promotion because he is a High Churchman is a piece of contemptible partisanship to which no Prime Minister till Mr. Balfour took office has stooped for very many years. The unpleasant thing about it is that this is not done on any religious conviction but for fear of the people. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Balfour was influenced more by the "Times" and the "English Churchman" or by Sir Henry Howorth, who consoles himself for being out of Parliament by seeking notoriety as an anti-ritualist scribe. Apparently the new order is to be the boycotting of distinguished men in favour of the "splendidly null", beginning ingloriously at Canterbury. Being himself superior, Mr. Balfour suffers mediocrities gladly.

There can be no view of the higher criticism, whether among those who accept its extravagances or who deny its achievements, which can warrant a liking for the manner in which Professor Delitzsch in his lecture on "Babel und Bibel" expounded his beliefs. The Kaiser has every justification for deprecating the Professor's apparent enjoyment in the business of offending the sensitiveness of many of those who listened to him. Pert irreverence has nothing that is admirable in it nor is freedom of thought an excuse for license of language. In its later stages the discussion of the points at issue has fallen into better hands. In his letter to Admiral Hollmann which has been published in a review, the Kaiser maintained the validity of a double revelation, as it were; in the works of history at large and so to speak locally in the chosen people. Professor Harnack, one of the greatest authorities on Biblical criticism, has gone deeper into the whole subject in an article in the "Preussische Jahrbücher" and in a very proper spirit first accepts the Kaiser's letter as an interesting personal confession of faith rather than a contribution to the subject; and then starts on a review of the wider issues. His general view is that faith must accept the revelation of God in persons; but that the two parallel revelations suggested by the Kaiser are untenable as a logical doctrine.

We are glad to hear that opposition to pulling down All Hallows, Lombard Street is being carefully organised. Not unnaturally protest comes more strongly from the artistic than from the ecclesiastical side; it is not pleasant for Churchmen as such to take active steps to thwart a scheme promoted by their bishop. But this is a large matter of principle and

we must not let even a graceful sentiment interfere with public duty. By the way, it should be noted that the Society of Architects, to which we referred the other day as blessing the scheme for demolition, has nothing to do with the recognised architects' organisation, which is the Royal Institute of British Architects. The Institute, we understand, is entirely opposed to pulling down All Hallows. Who the "Society of Architects" may be it would not be easy to say; indeed architects seem to know less about this society than any other people. So that one must not make the mistake of supposing that it can in any way speak for architects, which the name the society arrogates to itself might suggest. We hope that the public will turn to the current number of the "Architectural Review", published yesterday, which contains an admirable article on All Hallows Church. The very remarkable illustrations will enable those who lack either opportunity or energy to see the church for themselves to realise the vandalism that is threatened.

The same number of the "Architectural Review" contains views of Stevens's full-size model for the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in S. Paul's. This model, the subject of so much discussion recently by critics who had never seen it, is here fully published for the first time. Along with these views is given other interesting evidence, in the shape of a photograph and a drawing, of Stevens's progressive ideas about his design. A most valuable confirmation, we may add, of the view that Stevens's model was practically complete is furnished by a letter in the "Morning Post" of 23 February. Mr. Stanley Young, the son of Stevens's bronze-founder, tells us that his father saw Stevens on the eve of his death, and that after a conversation about some details in the model, he said "I have finished the work; this is how I intend it to be".

The Great Horses that have been parading, standing to order, and marching past at the Agricultural Hall during the week are a joy to see. To the townsman, harassed with hurry, it is pure rest to turn from the crowded street and contemplate these mighty animals, in whom strength and gentleness meet to perfection. The massive proportion and gentle temper of the Shire Horse seem, somehow, to give him superiority over the fidgety nervousness of the elegant Thoroughbred. A good Shire Horse suggests a calm great mind as against the merely clever irritable person. Another reflection stirred by the Cart Horse Show is the startling power of selection. Compare the quality of the horses shown this year with that of twenty years ago, and the breeder's art is felt to be wonderful indeed. The King visited the show as usual—the Shire Horse Society quite deserves the recognition—and received a breeder's medal, which, according to the "Times", "he smilingly transferred into his pocket".

Dealings in the Stock Markets were somewhat interfered with by the progress of the settlement, but business shows signs of broadening, and this was particularly noticeable in the Home Railway department. The Bank of England give notice that on or after 5 April they will be prepared to issue Two and a Half per Cent. Consolidated Stock certificates, with coupons attached, in lieu of Two and Three-quarters per Cent. Consolidated Stock certificates. To meet the convenience of holders the Bank will receive the old certificates on or after 3 March. In spite of the fact that the traffic receipts which were published this week were by no means favourable Home Rails were buoyant and more business was transacted in this section than for a considerable time past. Grand Trunk issues were largely dealt in at the commencement of the week, but a disappointing traffic return served to check speculation. Instead of the expected increase of about £17,000 a gain of only £6,200 was announced; nevertheless the increase for the expired three weeks of the month amounts to £68,645. South Africans improved under the influence of a little Continental buying and more favourable news regarding the labour outlook. Consols 92½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

MR. BRODRICK WINS.

THE debate on Mr. Beckett's amendment may be accepted as the culmination of a discontent with the methods of the War Office which has been growing in intensity throughout the country for some time past. Such feelings were brought to a head when at the Colonial Conference last summer a wide divergence of view with reference to Imperial defence between the heads of our great spending and fighting departments was reached. It was clear that Whitehall and Pall Mall were not acting in harmony, and some unfortunate phrases of Mr. Brodrick caused a suspicion that a totally false notion as to the object with which our land forces are provided obtained at the War Office. It is but just to Mr. Brodrick, however, to say at once that however ill-considered his former words may have been, his views as expressed during the recent debate are better matured than those of some who criticised him. Both he and the Prime Minister made it clear that our responsible ministers at length realise that the true defence of our islands rests on the navy and on the navy alone. It is not so clear that some of the critics who assailed the War Secretary's schemes have correct ideas as to the part our army will have to play in Imperial defence, and error in one direction is as fatal as in the other, because our security lies not in the isolated action of one service but in the combined efforts of both. Mr. Brodrick when he complained of the lack of uniformity in the suggestions of his critics had right on his side, and he emerged with far greater credit from the ordeal he had to undergo than he would have been able to do had the attack succeeded in coming to some agreement of policy before they assailed him. The real issue before the House was whether we want an army as large as Mr. Brodrick legislates for, or whether we do not. If the size of the army contemplated be not excessive, the question whether it is to be administered by districts or by Army Corps is of comparatively trifling importance. Districts have been tried and have hopelessly failed. The Army Corps system aims at and has already achieved a considerable measure of decentralisation. It puts officers during peace time in the positions that they would be called upon to fill in war. It provides for all the adjuncts in the shape of guns, transport, supply and engineer services, which every unit needs in the field, the necessity for which has hitherto been left out of sight until a military crisis forced them on our attention. Until the South African war the proportion of guns to infantry was absurdly inadequate, and there were distinguished generals who had never seen either a supply or an ammunition column, and who were sceptical as to their value.

If the number of our regular troops be not excessive, it is possible to make out a very strong case for their organisation as at present. The question is, then, do we want as many men as Mr. Brodrick says we do? We will say at once that in our opinion we not only want all the regular forces with which Mr. Brodrick promises to provide us, but in the near future we shall want even more. And for this reason. We have an Empire in India to defend which even on a whisper of aggressive action on the part of Russia will demand the despatch from home of at least the equivalent of two Army Corps. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to draw up a scheme for the defence of our North-West frontier of India; but there are certain conditions as to the proportion between British and Native troops which have to be observed, and there are well-recognised necessities to be satisfied as to the garrison which must be left to preserve peace and order in India, while the struggle on the frontier is going on. We are prepared in fact to assert that no person of responsibility either civil or military, who has studied the question in India, will venture to say either that Russian aggression is a chimera of the imagination, or that less than the force named would suffice to meet it. We have lately been at war with two petty States in South Africa, and the strain imposed on us was such that scarcely an efficient regular unit remained at home, and that the strain of the effort on our whole military administration is still felt. That a war with Russia would

make smaller demands upon us is a proposition which few will care to put forward. It is stated with a reckless disregard of historical accuracy, that we need fear no war on our Canadian frontier, and that the possibility of our being called upon to defend that immense line is so remote that it may be disregarded. Yet it is only some seven or eight years ago that our relations with America were so strained as to cause the most serious anxiety, and that the question of the defence of Canada was entered on by us in all seriousness and alarm. Of all our frontiers that is precisely the one we must be prepared to defend unless we wish to allow the whole fabric of the Empire to crumble; and at the first rumour of its invasion three Army Corps would be called from our shores, and they would probably have to be further reinforced. Were we at war with either Russia or America we should in addition have to reinforce the garrisons of certain of our coaling stations, and in the former case should have to be prepared to meet complications in the far and middle East also. But the Empire has to be guarded not only against European, but against semi-savage or wholly savage foes. A native conflagration, or Basuto war, would call to South Africa a force four times as great as the garrison which is proposed for that colony, while a war with Abyssinia would make demands upon us in all probability not less than those we have just escaped from. Moreover to keep our forces in the field at their full strength, and make good the wastage inseparable from active operations, a body of regulars would always have to remain in the United Kingdom.

We have left home defence out of sight for the time being. It was not creditable, and it was in the view of many highly dangerous, that war with the Boers should have left our homes practically open to a raid or coup de main. It is cutting the cloth too fine to provide no organised home-defence forces, and we had none worthy of the name three years ago. It is to the credit of Mr. Brodrick that his scheme for the first time seeks to provide staff and adjuncts to those corps of our auxiliary forces to whom home defence would fall. Our shores will never be attacked when we have no war on hand. When we are closely locked in a struggle abroad will be the opportune moment, and then, as we have shown, we shall have perhaps 120,000 men on active service beyond the seas. We shall want generals, and staff officers, for the units left behind, and an organisation which will give them cohesion and mobility. Hitherto we have gone on the assumption that home defence will be undertaken with our regulars. Before the war our regular regiments, and battalions, and batteries were grandiloquently told off for home defence. It is Mr. Brodrick who has "changed all that". He contemplates three army corps being beyond the seas, and the other three largely composed of auxiliaries being left to defend the citadel if necessary. Truly when all the divergent and contradictory views of his various critics from Mr. Beckett to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are studied, the more will the weakness of his assailants be laid bare, and the more will sympathy be extended to a minister who has made so much progress towards an intelligible system. We have not touched on the question of the men because we have been dealing with principles not with details. We are told recruiting is doing well and that men are forthcoming. It may be so. We are in the midst of an agitation for the unemployed, and when men are out of work they will catch at any straw, but that does not guarantee a regular supply, nor relieve us from an ever-recurring anxiety as to whether grist will be forthcoming for the mill. We do not like our present army organisation, because we do not think it supplies us with all the men and officers we require, and we have our own ideas as to the remedy for the present state of things. But unless the regular army were to be immensely reduced, which we have shown to be impossible, no manipulating or changes in the nomenclature of units will affect this elemental vice of our military system, and not one word was said during the recent debate which showed that anyone had any reasonable suggestion towards improvement to offer us. The critics inveighed against the Army Corps system as

though it caused the deficiency in men, whereas they should have praised a system which by offering them a standard enabled them to measure the deficiencies.

On the other hand it would have been well if the military members and those who have the efficiency of our army at heart had confined themselves to issues where the War Office is particularly vulnerable and to which even now it does not appear to pay adequate attention. The disasters in South Africa were primarily due to bad generalship, and bad information. The first cause can be shown to have been directly responsible for all our early failures. Our leaders lacked knowledge, intelligence, brain power and exhibited in some cases a stupidity and ignorance of strategy and tactics which even in our army would have caused many a field officer to be ploughed for his promotion. And the officers who thus led their commands to ruin were men who had been recently serving at Aldershot, Salisbury Plain, India, and South Africa itself where ample scope for training in the open existed. In a word our army has suffered and is suffering from what has been aptly termed "brain starvation". In our intelligence department we employ about a fifteenth or twentieth of the officers to deal with double the matter that is handed over to the same departments not only in Germany, but in France and Austria, and Russia and Japan. It has been repeatedly stated and remains unrefuted that no ambitious officer will accept an appointment at our Staff College, far less at Sandhurst or Woolwich. It is the fact that in our army study is discountenanced, and knowledge of military science despised by all but a very few. Until we have remedied such a state of things training grounds will be of little value, because the leaders who ought to be able to impart instruction will be unequal to the task. The idea that we should spend on the intellectual training of officers a sum approaching what the Germans do was carefully deprecated by Mr. Brodrick. If France and Germany find it necessary to collect information as to foreign countries and prepare for eventualities, why is it not necessary for a nation with far wider responsibilities and far greater possibilities for war before it to take equal pains? It is to the credit of Sir Edward Grey that he drove this point home. It was when such questions as these were referred to that the greatest ignorance and the most complete misunderstanding was exhibited of what preparation and training for war means.

NAVAL REFORMS.

NO useful purpose can be served by discussing the condition of the navy in an amendment to the Address. A better opportunity must occur shortly when the estimates are brought forward. That the Admiralty is fully alive to its responsibilities is evidenced by the fact that the reorganisation of the Home Fleet and Naval Reserves has just received its finishing touch in the separation of the command of the former from administrative work at Whitehall. The Home Fleet is the result of a better appreciation of strategical considerations. Like the rest of our squadrons, its function is to meet the enemy and destroy him. The Channel Squadron will probably be called upon to act in conjunction with the Mediterranean Fleet, and in that event the Home Fleet takes the rôle of the Channel Squadron. To do so effectively, it is essential that the Home Fleet should be a sea-going squadron of good fighting capacity involving more sea training than was possible in the days when it was misnamed the Reserve Squadron. It is evident that, in the circumstances, the admiral responsible for this command could no longer superintend naval reserves and carry on office work ashore. This organisation of the Home Fleet is a great step in advance, but at the present moment the new scheme of naval education obscures other issues.

It is a total mistake to suppose that it has in any way been forced on a reluctant service. The cry for reform has come from within. There has long been a growing feeling especially amongst the younger officers afloat that the present condition of affairs is unsatisfactory, and that change is urgently needed to bring naval

education up to date, though opinion as to the best method of remedying matters varies widely. Perhaps the chief difficulty in carrying out the Admiralty scheme will prove to be the selection of officers for the engineer branch, necessarily less popular than the executive. Admiral Fitzgerald undoubtedly scores in pointing out that compulsory selection must lead to grave dissatisfaction and unrest, for the most impartial board can hardly expect to avoid charges of favouritism, if compulsion has to be resorted to. By offering a higher scale of pay and widening the engineer's scope for employment in the upper grades, the dangers of compulsion may be escaped. It might help if the Admiralty would give youngsters the option of selection on leaving the training ship, as well as at the later period determined on. Boys so volunteering could proceed on the same educational lines as arranged for midshipmen and sub-lieutenants generally, but should be paid sufficiently well to enable them to support themselves.

Another great question is, will it be possible by training to turn out naval officers capable each one of them of adequately discharging the duties both of the executive and engineer branches? Since gunnery and torpedo lieutenants have been given increased responsibility, and now have the mountings and machinery of weapons in their charge, many officers would like to go further and train the deck officer in such a way that he may be capable of undertaking engine-room as well as deck duties, arguing that the problem of propulsion is one of method only. This would be plausible enough, if the man on deck could have his engines on deck also, under his own eye, as in the days of masts and yards he had; but now he must be content to act by deputy, and even though a theoretical engineer with some practical training, if put in the engine-room, he could never show the same skill or get as good work out of his engines as the specialist. The ship itself is also a machine obedient to control and the man on the bridge becomes expert in handling her huge bulk through constant practice. Modern conditions already necessitate too much harbour keeping to allow sufficient sea-training, and this being the case there is small chance for the deck officer to acquire experience in the engine-room or the engineer officer to do the same on the bridge. Yet it is thought by advocates of amalgamation that it is not only safe to entrust a warship to the keeping of a man who could scarcely be qualified to take his watch on the bridge without supervision, but that it is possible to make an able fleet leader of him! The argument borrowed from the case of a soldier engineer is fallacious. Ashore there is more or less time to correct a mistake. Not so on board ship with a vessel of 15,000 tons displacement ahead and another of the same value astern. To press the point further, an admiral must be ready to meet an opponent whose exact strength and whereabouts, owing to circumstances of wind and weather, he has been unable to ascertain. All will depend on his practical experience in handling ships as units or in combination. The chance of retrieving a mistake at sea is infinitely less than on land. An admiral must have capacity to take in a situation at a glance, knowledge of the right tactics to pursue, ability to put them at once into execution. His aptitude is the outcome of an instinct acquired by the experience of a long and continuous apprenticeship. Do not let us run risk of failure for the sole purpose of holding out prospects to any particular class of officers—it might cost an empire. What high appointments, then, can be offered to officers of flag rank in the engineering branch which do not involve the handling of fleets? The Presidency of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich is given to a flag officer, but except that it provides a dignified retiring billet for a full admiral, there is no reason why it should not be held by a rear-admiral (E)—rear-admiral being the highest rank as yet available to the engineer branch. Then there are four appointments to the superintendence of dockyards, and the office of Controller of the Navy, all now held by rear-admirals, which might be reserved for engineers. There is nothing in the training of an engineer which need disqualify him from being a competent Director of Naval Intelligence or having control of Ordnance.

Coming to the captains' list, beside the billets now held by chief inspectors and inspectors of machinery, there are others such as Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, of Sheerness Dockyard, Captain of the Royal Naval College and so on, which might be thrown open to engineers. The engineers could therefore be given a fair share of high appointments, and this with the additional inducement of higher pay should prove sufficient incentive to men to volunteer for the engine-room. Of course any apportionment of these berths to engineers must so far deprive the deck branch of its opportunities for employment in the higher ranks, but it would also on that account act as a further stimulant to volunteering for the steam department; and if the present accountant branch is discarded, paymasters will be recruited from the executives, engineers and marines and thus help to lessen congestion in the junior ranks.

Much has been said and written about deck officers looking down on their engineer brethren as socially inferior to them. As a fact, the navy has always been a democratic service, and a man is valued for what he is worth: if a good officer and a good fellow, his mess-mates do not ask who was his father. It does not forget that Shovel was a shoemaker's apprentice, Nelson the son of a poor parson, the father of Collingwood a tradesman. This morbid idea of social inferiority has been fostered by a small minority of engineers, who have used it as a lever to advance what they have believed to be, whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial, the interests of their corps. This is the plain truth, whatever distinguished admirals may say to the contrary. The paymaster branch is not recruited from the peerage, yet the paymasters have never complained that they were looked down upon by their combatant comrades.

To turn from the engineer to the marine, Sir John Colomb is right in insisting that the modern seaman tends to become a marine and that it is not the marine who has changed. But the fact is only interesting in the history of evolution. The new regulations decree the extinction of the old-fashioned soldier bred up in the traditions of his corps. The atmosphere in which the new marine is to be raised is destructive to corps spirit. The marine as designed will be a seaman with the training of a soldier tacked on to his naval accomplishments: therefore, though the marines for reasons of economy cannot be dispensed with, there can be little doubt that the ultimate result of the new system will be the amalgamation of the deck and marine officers. It is unfair to make a soldier keep watch, and then perhaps have to punish him for an error of judgment as a seaman, thus affecting his future prospects as a soldier. And, though a minor matter, it is unfair to make a sub-lieutenant bear the cost of supplying himself with the kit of a soldier, when he has only had nine months' wear out of his uniform of sub-lieutenant. We are inclined to think the future marine will retain his naval uniform, and that the easiest way out of a ridiculous difficulty is to put the marine rank and file into a seaman's rig with the old distinguishing badges of the corps on the collar. It is the certainty of domicile rather than the red coat which brings recruits to the marine force.

THE POSITION IN THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN.

YESTERDAY week the half-yearly meeting of the London and North Western Railway Company was held at Euston, and not since the stormy days in 1849 which ended in the deposition of George Hudson, the so-called railway king, has such a meeting attracted greater attention. In theory the stockholders of a British railway company are, subject to legislative interference, absolute owners of their property. They alone can dictate the policy on which the line is to be worked; the directors are simply paid servants to whom they find it convenient to give the immediate control and whom they elect from time to time to carry out the particular policy of which they approve. In actual fact the stockholders, the plain men who merely find the

money to keep the business going and are not in a position to attract or divert traffic and are not possessed of great wealth or aristocratic, political, or other outside influence, have no voice in the management of their affairs. Though in form the directors are elected by the members of the company, in practice the existing boards co-opt whom they please; and when dividends fall, though the stockholder may be vaguely conscious that something is wrong he is generally without sufficient technical knowledge to see exactly what is amiss, and even if he can diagnose the disease he is quite powerless to enforce the remedy. The result of this state of things has been that stockholders as a class have thankfully accepted such dividends as their directors have seen fit to declare and willingly or unwillingly have left the whole management of a line to the board.

Three years ago the North Western in common with other English lines entered on a period of adversity from which it has not yet emerged. The dividend fell, and, a more serious matter, the capital value of the stock depreciated to an alarming extent; at the same time the cost of living was much increased; and the depression was made the harder to bear by the fact that the railways of North America had just then reached a state of exuberant prosperity. In these circumstances a number of North Western stockholders took counsel together in the hope of finding some means to improve their position. Their deliberations led to the appointment in October 1901 of a shareholders' committee, which proceeded to urge upon the board the adoption of certain reforms. A long correspondence followed between the committee and the directors, the whole story being set out at length in the "Times" for 13 August and 13 December 1902. The directors evidently disliked the attempt to interfere with their discretion and from the first took up an attitude of superiority; and in the end the suggestions of the committee were politely ignored. Thereupon the committee determined to appeal by circular to the general body of stockholders for support at the forthcoming half-yearly meeting, and the directors issued a counter-appeal in reply. As the day of the meeting drew near each side tried to secure the largest possible number of proxies, and no doubt their combined efforts reduced many stockholders to a condition of hopeless perplexity and indecision. The two parties were in direct antagonism, and so great was the interest excited by the controversy that when the time of the meeting finally arrived the room was densely crowded by stockholders, while many others who wished to attend were unable to force their way in. The chairman devoted nearly the whole of his speech to a review of the questions at issue. A long discussion followed, and in the end it was found that a majority of the interests represented at the meeting was in favour of the existing board, and so for the moment the reform party was defeated. But an analysis of the voting shows that the defeat was by no means decisive; indeed the amount of support given to the committee was surprisingly large; and there is consequently small likelihood of the struggle being abandoned.

It is worth while to examine the principal points of the dispute in some detail. The first thing that strikes one is that the arguments of both parties are inclined to be a little unreasonable. For example, the committee complain that the price of North Western stock has fallen—as if no other British railway had suffered in the same way! and the chairman replies that if North Western stock has fallen, so have Consols, but he altogether ignores the effect on the latter security of the approaching reduction in interest. The reforms which the committee wish to see adopted are classified under four heads: Co-operation between the companies, American methods of handling traffic, a better system of statistics, and an attempt to check the constant increase in rates and taxes. The last of these propositions is one which will appeal to every householder whether the owner of railway stock or not, and the real fight has been from the first with regard to the other three. The spirit in which the North Western board approaches the subject of co-operation was well illustrated by an incident which occurred during the meeting itself. A stockholder

complained of the inconvenience caused by the fact that the meeting had been fixed for the same day as that of the Midland Company at Derby. The chairman's reply, according to the verbatim report of the "Railway News", was as follows: "We have always had our meeting on this day. It is perfectly well known that we hold it on this day and if any other company fix theirs for the same day they must take their chance". Clearly the prospects of extensive co-operation are not bright; but the fact need hardly be regretted for co-operation has always been a dangerous weapon in the hands of British railway companies.

The question of statistics is one of great complexity. The balance of expert opinion appears to be in favour of the committee and against the board. But though there may be some doubt as to whether the statistics desired by the committee are the best possible, there can be none whatever that the returns which the companies are at present bound by law to make are very inadequate and unsatisfactory.

The remaining suggestion deals with the adoption of "American methods of handling the traffic". The phrase is vague and might mean much or little, but whatever the committee may have had in their minds at the outset the discussion seems now to have been narrowed down to the question of the use of larger waggons and heavier train loads for freight traffic. The chairman puts forward the old defence, satisfactory as far as it goes, that as English freight business is largely of a retail character small waggons are generally found convenient; and he adds that for some time past the company has been building more powerful engines and drawing heavier loads. Neither party however seems to realise the important fact that if ever really heavy freight trains are to be taken, it will be absolutely necessary to fit a continuous brake.

And when urging the adoption of American methods the committee might well have given a thought to the passenger department, the condition of which is not satisfactory. The London and North Western has always been in an exceptionally favourable position. From the capital it has the shortest and easiest route to the great business centres, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow; while in the provinces it has amongst other advantages the best route from Manchester to Newcastle, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and the Bristol Channel. Naturally therefore it has always been prosperous and has been able to do things which a less wealthy company could not have afforded. It invariably acts as if dignity forbade its following the lead of any other company; in mechanical affairs it seeks to avoid the use of any appliance which has not originated at Crewe; for many years it fought against the introduction of a good continuous brake; and at the present moment it stands alone amongst the great railways of the world in still refusing to use bogie engines. And though it has spent large sums in the construction of locomotives from peculiar designs of its own, nearly every important express train on the system to-day requires two engines to draw it. In this regard the committee might well have urged the adoption of the first principle of American railway practice, that every locomotive shall be able to do its work without assistance.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: CHARTERHOUSE.*

FOUNDED BY THOMAS SUTTON IN THE REIGN OF
JAMES I. HEADMASTER DR. RENDALL;
APPOINTED 1897.

CHARTERHOUSE can claim neither the venerable age of Winchester nor the royal patronage which has always fostered Eton, but it can point to a very distinct life and genius of its own. Sutton himself is an interesting personality: by turns a scholar of "Eaton School, a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, Master of Ordnance in the North, concessionnaire of coalmines,

* Acknowledgment must be made for many facts in this article to Mr. Tod's excellent account of Charterhouse.

a wealthy London banker, he could also manage to command in person a vessel the 'Sutton' which, equipped at his own charges, took part in defeating the Armada. Nor was this his only national service in connexion with the Armada; by his skill in creating a 'corner' in notes on the Genoese bankers to whom Philip had to go for his sinews of war, the Bank funds were depleted, and the Armada was delayed, so that the English Admiralty secured a year's vital breathing space for preparations. All Sutton's money ventures prospered, his wife of course was a great heiress, a fact which apparently caused his contemporaries to reflect that his riches increased and came upon him like a tyde, by the *just acts and methods* which he used". This bustling combination of successful financier, politician, and warrior suggests a curious parallel with Cecil Rhodes, as does also the ultimate destination of his fortune to education: and in both the same largeness of view governed this destination. It is suggested that Sutton had realised the national loss which the sweeping away of the endowed schools under the Chantry Acts in the time of Henry VIII. had entailed; that the want of proper instruction especially in Latin, the lingua franca of the period, was a distinct commercial handicap, and that Sutton's school, a sort of modern technical college, was intended to make good the national deficiency and extend the national influence. But Greek was, by his orders, also included in the school curriculum; and a copy of the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles is now in the Charterhouse School museum, which belonged to Sutton and has his signature.

Sutton's foundation, which was authorised by Act of Parliament in 1609, consisted of a body of governors, who were to administer the funds for two purposes, a hospital or home for poor brethren, and a free grammar school. Sutton died on 12 December, 1611, the date now kept as Founder's day, and the will was at once disputed; the King's influence was supposed to be adverse to the hospital, and the governors probably discreetly tendered £10,000 to James, nominally to repair a bridge at Berwick, but the Treasury retained the money and five days afterwards the Court of Exchequer pronounced a verdict in favour of the governors. Sutton during his life had purchased for the school Howard House, formerly a Carthusian Monastery, from the Duke of Norfolk's family into whose hands it had passed subsequently to its dissolution by Henry VIII. in 1534, and the school was opened in 1614 with a schoolmaster, usher, and thirty-five scholars. The free scholars were known as "gown boys" (a name which still survives though no gowns are now worn) and were always nominated by the governors down to 1873. But the school had soon admitted others not on the foundation, and one of the earliest of these non-foundations was the Cavalier poet, Lovelace. The roll of distinguished Carthusians is a very long one, including such opposed types of mental activity as Blackstone, John Wesley, Addison and Lord Ellenborough, John Leech and General Baden-Powell, not to mention the most distinguished of all, Thackeray, whose actual bed is still preserved at the new school, and slept in by the head monitor of Saunderites.

In the middle of last century came the great change in the school's life; thanks to the skill and strong purpose of Charterhouse's great headmaster Dr. Haig Brown who was appointed in 1863, it was finally decided about that time to move the school into the country. In 1867 the old school was sold to Merchant Taylors. Charterhouse was moved down to Godalming and the two parts of the charity were severed, the hospital for poor brethren remaining in the old home under the control of the original body of sixteen governors, while a new governing body was created for the school; but the old building still remains and the great hall and courts of the London Charterhouse constitute one of the most beautiful and retired spots in London, though too close to Smithfield for much of the "wholesome ayre" of which Sutton boasted. That the move to the country was a wise one there can be no doubt, though some loss of tradition and continuity was inevitable. The present site is magnificent, and the view from the chapel steps across "Green" to Blackdown and Hindhead is as inspiring as any in the South of England; unfortunately the best has not been made of the site, the

ordinary approach is mean and unworthy of the school, and many of the buildings seem to have been erected as occasion required without attention to any general plan. The buildings and masters' houses occupy really two hills connected by a bridge across Sandy Lane (the ordinary road of approach), the school buildings proper occupying the west hill which rises some 300 feet above the sea. The central block of buildings on the west hill comprises the chapel which is now being enlarged, Founder's court, the Hall and Library and Saunderites and Verites—the names of two houses christened after two masters of the old school, Dr. Saunders who was headmaster from 1832 to 1853, and Mr. Oliver Walford who was usher for about the same period, Verites being a contraction for Oliverites; this block was the central portion of the new buildings erected on the removal and is imposing and worthy of the school; it is a pity the other buildings and class-rooms do not harmonise better with it. The school now consists of 550 boys, in ten boarding houses with ten dayboys, one in each house; the numbers in the houses vary from thirty-five to sixty-five. The gown boys or scholars have not as at Winchester or Eton separate quarters but are distributed amongst the houses, an arrangement which avoids anything like social divisions or jealousy.

Taking the life of the school as a whole the two distinguishing marks of Charterhouse are sociability and self-control; it is said a Carthusian can get on anywhere and with anybody—a result which can be traced to the conditions of the school life; in each house three-quarters of the boys will spend their time, when not in school or playing games, in Long Room, an institution not unlike the Chambers of College at Winchester, and only one-quarter or the senior boys have studies. There are usually two Long Rooms in each house, one for the upper and one for the under school, the Upper Long Room being known in some houses as Hall. The boys in the houses take their meals in Long Room, they live a common life there reading, writing, or working in spare time, and in Long Room every evening except Saturday the under school sit and prepare their work for the next day, an institution known as banco. Life in Long Room is probably rather an ordeal to newcomers, but undoubtedly tends to the rubbing off of corners and general friendliness. The key and complement to this democratic life is a strong monitorial system, stronger perhaps and better regulated than at any other public school; its connexion with Long Room is shown by the fact that the real power rests with the house and not with the school monitors. Their position is fully recognised and, what is more, regulated by the masters; monitors for instance always keep banco and not the housemaster; the existing monitorial code came into existence in 1874, after a scandal occasioned when the monitors of a particular house had thrashed the whole of under Long Room, an incident almost contemporaneous with the "tunding" case at Winchester. The essential feature of the system is collective responsibility; only the head monitor, or the next in seniority, if the offence is a personal affront to the former, can punish, but no penalty can be inflicted without the deliberate consent of *all* the monitors in the house; an appeal is allowed to the headmaster, or to the housemaster, and boys occasionally exercise the right of appeal, but so long as the game is played according to the rules, and the monitorial code is observed, public opinion is strongly against appeals.

The curriculum of the school is mainly classical, but an alternative is allowed of a more modern kind; down to the under fourth form every classical form is arranged in two parallel sets A and B, each of these numbering about thirty and both do the same work and have the same examinations: for non-classical work such as mathematics, French, or science, all the boys in the two parallel classical sets or forms will be rearranged into three or more separate divisions according to capacity. This arrangement is undoubtedly a good one so far as it goes, and allows of the rapid promotion of the clever boy though it has not the elasticity of the Winchester arrangement which allows the readjustment of the whole of the upper part of the school for various subjects; in the Headmaster's opinion the arrangement is apt

to press somewhat hardly on the hardworking but dull boy. On removes in each term care is taken to distribute boys from A division in the form below to B division in the form above and vice versa. Parallel to the A and B divisions, numbering about two hundred and fifty, comes a third division for each form down to middle fourth called C; this is the modern side and has been in existence since 1877 numbering about one hundred; no Greek is taken by boys in C and only four hours' Latin a week, nine hours being devoted to mathematics, three or four to modern languages, and about four to science; it is worthy of remark that all boys between the under fourth and upper fifth inclusive do two hours a week science. The teaching of science is mainly in the form of experimental lectures and appears to be very successful, biology even, of which many schools are afraid, having proved a useful educational branch. The general opinion appears to be that the modern side is not as successful now as formerly; indeed it is a pity that the type of strong, virile, good-humoured manhood for which Charterhouse is famous does not take up and absorb a little more tense intellectual activity. Opinion at Charterhouse does not accept without criticism the report on the education of army officers; and in that as in the struggle on the retention of Greek as a necessary door to the Universities, would welcome greater freedom for public schools.

In this short sketch, much of interest has had to be omitted; in particular it has been impossible to say anything of the skill of the school in athletics, which are wholly voluntary, and its long record of successes on the football field; or of the nine times the school team has won the Ashburton Shield including three successive victories; the school possesses a fire brigade manned by the boys themselves; a carpenter's shop and a photographic club whose work is encouraged from time to time by an admirable handicraft exhibition, and much skill of a social kind is developed at the Saturday night entertainments and by the brass and orchestral band. Both the Library and Museum are admirably equipped, the Library being in its way unique; it has an income of £300 a year clear to spend on books and papers, the room is perfectly suited for the purpose and it is open to all and used by all on Sundays as well as week days. The chief needs of the school at present are an adequate music room, and a proper covered drill shed.

* * The next article in this series will be on Rugby.

LOVE THE HEALER, OR MONEY?

SURELY of all the changes wrought in the outward life of England during the last century, that which has given to the streets of London, to quiet country lanes, to public places of amusement and private places of mourning, the demurely, yet coquettishly, dressed figure of the nursing sister is the greatest. Black, brown, grey, navy blue, each with its distinguishing little shibboleth as to collars, caps, cloaks or veils, these figures cannot now be left out of any scene whatever without violation of the verities. In some, I frankly confess, they seem to me out of place. For instance, I have never personally been able to see grey and scarlet facings in company with an elaborate fringe and a knot of merry young subalterns even over a well-earned game of tennis—or general skittles—without feeling that for the time being, it would be better if the nurse were sunk altogether in the girl. This, however, is by the way; the point with which we have to deal is that a new factor has come—and come to stay—in the very heart of our social life. Unmistakable, omnipresent, it is a reminder for which fifty years ago the passing hurry of a doctor's brougham with its jaded horses was the poor equivalent, that sickness and death are always busy amongst us, that man is as the sparks that fly upward, as the flower that fadeth. Curiously enough, however, few persons seem to realise even the outward change; still less to meditate on the inward and spiritual grace or disgrace which inevitably accompanies all change of environment. Yet the reminder obtrudes itself more and more day by day, as

young women, drawn to this distinctive dress by many motives, join one or another nursing association. I am not going to discuss these motives, or their suitability or unsuitability towards the making of what should be the most strenuous life possible to man or woman. I only mention them to show that, considering our surplus and largely leisured female population, it is no wonder that the distinctive dress belongs vividly to every scene of business or pleasure nowadays.

Of all the environments in which I personally have seen it, however, that which makes on me the most vivid impression is the fragrant semi-obscure of Covent Garden flower market at dawn. There, upon the litter of leaves under foot, among the piles of boxes still unopened but each exhaling its distinctive perfume, the prim coquettish figures flit like sober butterflies appraising the fair placid faces of the country flowers which stare up calmly at the vulgar gas flares of the town. Dainty, yet vampire-like figures these, businesslike, unemotional, fastening with cold avidity on carven white arms, and still Madonna lilies shorn of their golden glories of earthly bridal, ready for the chill embrace of Death.

"Oh! You're a wedding, are you?" said a stall-keeper to me once, when I disturbed him at his steaming cup of tea, with complaints of this mutilation. "Come! that's cheerful. There ain't so many o' your sort as the t'other at this time o' the morning—more's the pity!"

He spoke and looked as if he meant his words; indeed I am sure he did, for he took a shilling off my armful all unasked. But as I went off with my prize, other women were going off with theirs, and I felt that my half-opened buds—he had cut the lilies from his store of all a-growing all a-blowing, so that they should be intact—would have seemed poor beside the bare beauty of those others, but for the hint of a golden life to come hidden in their unviolated hearts. And the scene stamped itself upon my memory, as strangely typical; as one giving in a glance the change which the organised system of nursing in these latter days has inevitably brought into the lives of most women; of all indeed, save those who have chosen the distinctive dress. For, as those others hurried away with their armful of flowers in cabs, omnibuses, or smart private broughams, I realised that each and all were doing for money, that which in old days used to be done for love. And that is no mean change in woman's life. Yes! no matter whether miracles have been wrought in the Registrar-General's returns, no matter whether the comfort of the sick, the confidence of the doctor has been increased a thousandfold, the change is still momentous in its possible—its probable—effects. For, whether the thing ousted was bad utterly or good utterly, or a mixture of bad and good, something has gone both from the sick-room and the lives of those whose duty used to lie in it.

There can, indeed, be no doubt that these possibilities have passed into actualities. Even doctors allow, with varying comment according to their views, that this idea of duty in regard to sick nursing is fast disappearing from even a mother's heart. A simple attack of measles in the nursery, and in comes someone to take the entire responsibility. A trivial injury calling for rest and bandaging, and there again comes the demure dress to accept the drudgery of tedious hours and enable a wife to say as I have heard one say "Oh! he is as jolly as can be. The doctor sent him in such a nice-looking nurse, and they're going to play piquet together, so I feel quite happy about him!" Then, when the need is more urgent, comes arbitrary aid indeed, and some dear one is caught up into charts and drawn into diagrams, quartered into hours and afterwards hanged over his own bed, while would-be weeping watchers are sent to bed with sleeping draughts. "Best for you, and best for me" says a popular song; and the popular verdict here will no doubt echo the sentiment. But the matter is one of such supreme importance to all concerned that I think it merits more consideration than is usually given to it. We have to face the fact, that while there is great gain in trained and paid nursing there is also a loss of something else, and the point to be settled is whether this loss is beneficial to

all parties concerned. Personally I doubt it. So far, indeed, as the slighter ailments are concerned, I believe—and I know many doctors will bear me out—that the growing habit of sending at once whenever possible for skilled shoulders on which to lay every tittle of responsibility cannot fail to weaken a woman's motherhood, or loosen the tie of her wifehood. This is strong language I know, but the subject deserves it. The nursing of the sick is something that no woman can afford to leave out of her life altogether without detriment to her own character. Let her call in skilled aid by all means, should she be unfit for the technical part of the work, but that does not exonerate her from other work quite as important. For, without being a Christian scientist, I assert that no reasonable person who has studied the marvellous influence of mind, can doubt that the mental atmosphere in which we happen to be does affect the body.

Looking at the question purely from the point of benefit to the patient, does not a first-class nurse, paid or unpaid, give to her sick something more than mere regularity of detail, mere technical skill in the procuring of ease? She does, undoubtedly. The secret of success, indeed, lies in what I venture to call the carrying power of the nurse; her capability for making her strength of mind and body continuous with the weakness with which she has to deal, until together—the strong with the weak—the valley of the shadow is overpast. One who can come out of a sick room in which she has done her best, and say calmly, as she washes her hands—as I have heard it said—“There is no chance—I had a case like it last month at Brighton and I am sure it is only a question of time” may be super-excellent technically, but she lacks something which many a more helpless woman could give. And it is the enormous power possessed by this faculty for making healthy normal life continuous with that which, for the time, is neither normal nor healthy which to my mind condemns so utterly the rigid enforcement of times and seasons in all things that is the special cult of most trained nursing.

I have nursed in hospital myself and fully realise the impossibility of any great relaxation in such rule; none the less I believe that the breach of continuity which often comes at a critical period owing to a change in the personal equation round the patient—a change caused by the methodical relief of one nurse by another, is responsible for many deaths. But if this is inevitable in hospital, it is not so at home; unless, indeed, we women, who do not wear the distinctive dress, choose that it shall be so, by—with a sigh, sometimes of relief, sometimes of sorrow—shifting all our responsibilities on to paid shoulders. The temptations to do so are many and great, love perhaps being the greatest. The fear lest we should do more harm than good. But it is the strong conviction born of much experience that there is grave danger in the exaggeration of this fear which makes me ask—to return to Covent Garden Market—if there is not room beside a sick bed both for the full-blown lily schooled to spotless performance of its task, and also the half-open bud which holds hidden in its heart a golden hope which the other has lost in its schooling.

F. A. STEEL.

DÉCORÉ !

IN the village of Santois, emotion. In this cobbled little village of four hundred inhabitants, half-an-hour by rail from Paris, anxiety. And yet—no scandal, no tragedy.

True, or untrue? The postman, something of an official, maintains that it is true; but, on the other hand, the oldest and most wrinkled peasant in Santois laboriously relates how, for the last forty years, he has heard the same rumour at least once a year and—“nothing, always nothing”. Premature, then, to convey congratulations. Risky to assemble before the ugly little Mairie and cry, “Vive la France” and “Vive M. le Maire”. For, if the rumour be false, M. le Maire will be embarrassed, and, instead of return-

ing thanks, he will have to say, “Citizens, I appreciate your loyalty, but you have been deceived. Alas, I am not —”. But he is, he is! Here comes the clerk of the Mairie. Here, on the village square, is confirmed, officially confirmed, the rumour. He is, yes, he is—M. Hippolyte Dubois, Mayor of Santois, is décoré. And the inhabitants of Santois are overcome. And they exclaim with awe, “Décoré!” And, who knows, who knows—perhaps at this very moment M. le Maire is affixing a quarter of an inch of red ribbon to the lapel of his coat! . . . Ah, that decoration! M. Hippolyte Dubois, risen by his own exertions from the humble station of a peasant to the proud position of Mayor of Santois, is happy, happy. Portly and uncouth—but nevertheless décoré. Shod with hobnailed boots and attired in coarse black—yet décoré. “Ça lui va bien,” say the peasants of M. Dubois, as he passes—décoré—through the streets. And M. Dubois is always passing through the streets: indeed, M. Dubois has never been so much en évidence before. And M. Dubois visits the hairdresser who also practises photography; indeed, M. Hippolyte is photographed—décoré—alone, and with his wife, and then with his wife and two sons and three daughters. And it is noticed that M. Dubois has become solemn, reserved, terribly official in his manner; but then, as the villagers explain, “Il est décoré”. And because he is décoré M. Hippolyte Dubois gives an official banquet, which is served in official quarters, the Mairie. Flags; and, on a long strip of paper, the official motto, “Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité”. And, immediately beneath the motto, at the head of a long table, M. Hippolyte Dubois, Mayor of Santois—décoré. What a hush when he rises to respond to the toast of the night! What enthusiasm when he has spoken the stirring words, “Oui, Messieurs, décoré—mais je reste, je resterai toujours, l'homme calme, l'homme sérieux, le Maire conscientieux et le père de famille dévoué, que vous connaissez”. Then—“Notre glorieuse République”—“Notre noble Président”—“Nos grands ministres”—“La France, premier pays du monde”—“La patrie, Messieurs, que nous aimons, que nous défendrons à l'heure du danger de notre sang”. Rise, Republicans. To your feet, patriots and citizens. At the head of the long table, ready to chant the “Marseillaise”, stands M. Hippolyte Dubois, Mayor of Santois—décoré.

Which of us, in Paris, would not be named minister? Think, the splendour of it, the power of it! Before anything, the power to confer decorations in Paris and the provinces. “Voyages Ministériels” is a frequent headline in the papers. On tour, the Minister of Agriculture. On tour, the Minister of the Interior. On tour, the Minister of the Marine. Towns and towns; and again, towns. And in each town, anxiety, emotion. Will it be me? Or will it be that hypocrite —? Let me remain calm, but—impossible to remain calm. Let me appear indifferent: impossible, however, to remain indifferent. I am flushed. My pulse is feverish, my eyes shine. I cannot sleep; and if I sleep, I dream—see myself bowing before M. le Ministre, see myself retiring respectfully, see myself a few days later with the red ribbon in my buttonhole. Décoré, décoré! . . . “Voyages Ministériels!” On the eve of his Excellency's arrival says the deputy of our department, the deputy I have supported, I have canvassed for, the deputy who has promised to use his influence with M. le Ministre on my behalf, “Mon cher, il faut attendre un petit peu. Mais, soyez persuadé que je pense toujours à vous”. And His Excellency arrives—but no decoration. And the deputy repeats his promise—but no red ribbon. Nevertheless, at the next elections, I still support the deputy, still canvass for him—for I would be décoré, I would be décoré! . . . And so, whenever a Minister travels in France, anxiety and emotion. And so, all over France, decorations or the promise of decorations.

Of course, among the Orleanists and Bonapartists, and the cynics and æsthetes of Paris, disdain for the Legion of Honour. But the novelist, the painter, the musician covets it. The journalist, who indignantly declares that the red ribbon and the rosette have been on sale ever since the Wilson scandal, nevertheless expects to be décoré when the statesman he supports

comes into power. The poorly paid schoolmaster, employed by the State, hopes that when his long dreary life's work is over, the Minister of Public Instruction will reward him: and that, once décoré, he will live long to enjoy the honour. And the bourgeois—well, the bourgeois pesters his deputy, pesters the Ministers, hastens hither and thither, threatens, makes passionate appeals, even offers bribes, until he has secured the red slip of ribbon. Heavens, his efforts; heavens, his temper! We remember such a bourgeois—a bourgeois who was apoplectic, whose face went purple when he failed to find his name among the "honours" in the "Journal Officiel". And he cried, "Je l'aurai, je vous jure que je l'aurai". And, occasionally in his café, he would chuckle, chuckle until he almost choked, "Ça marche, ça marche". And eventually, when he obtained the prize, his voice rose exultingly: "Me voici décoré, Messieurs, me voici décoré." Of course, emotion. The waiters in the café, who had previously been impudent to the bourgeois, now bowed before him. No sooner did he choose his seat than Alphonse ran forward to inquire, "Monsieur désire?" And the dame de comptoir took to asking, "Monsieur va bien?" and, "Monsieur a sa canne, son parapluie?" Moreover, Monsieur's concierge was impressed, and Monsieur's tradesmen became polite. Often have we heard his concierge say, "C'est un charmant homme; et puis, il est décoré". And Monsieur himself? Well, Monsieur, always unsympathetic, became intolerable; and Monsieur, once mean, now appeared in morning coats, and frock coats, and dress coats—all décorés. And his overcoat, thin or thick, was décoré. And his photographs—in three different positions—were décorés. And the red ribbon never faded, never was soiled: Monsieur must have bought his ribbon by the yard, Monsieur must have changed his slip of ribbon every day. Moreover, Madame held her head in the air, and the three demoiselles assumed an unchanging expression of disdain. A plain madame, and three plain demoiselles. An apoplectic monsieur, who wheezed and choked. But arrogant, all five of them. Arrogant with old friends, arrogant with strangers; arrogant and insolent because Monsieur had been—décoré.

And, amidst the humbler classes, a decoration is invariably remembered. Says the concierge, "While you were out a gentleman called". Which gentleman? He left no name, he left no card. Was he dark, or was he fair? Neither dark nor fair. Was he short or was he tall? But the concierge cannot remember. Has he called upon any previous occasion? Not in the concierge's recollection. And then, all of a sudden, the description: "Un Monsieur décoré." How a haughty sergent de ville will unbend before the "Monsieur décoré"! How amiably and respectfully does an omnibus conductor assist the "Monsieur décoré" into the vehicle! Why, the omnibus remains stationary: the conductor waits until the "Monsieur décoré" is seated before he communicates with the driver. Only the Montmartre chansonnier dares to make merry over the "Monsieur décoré". And he, no doubt, is extravagant; he, we hope, is guilty of fantasy, of exaggeration. For, in his chansons, he tells of a certain gentleman who haunts gay places, and entertains gay characters, and hiccoughs home at precisely seventeen minutes past five in the morning. And—revelation of revelation—the refrain runs:

"Et si on le regarde de près
On voit? . . . Eh bien—quoi?
Un Monsieur déc-o-ré."

Also, and worse still, the timid witness who, upon being brought forward to describe the appearance of an absconding embezzler, repeatedly and stubbornly maintained, "Monsieur le Président, il était décoré". And more humiliating, if not worst of all, the cocher, who, upon receiving his legal fare, loudly hailed a brother cocher, saying, "Méfie-toi, mon vieux, des messieurs décorés".

M. RAFFAËLLI'S COLOURS.

SO many descriptions of these colours have appeared that I may spare myself repetition here. Students can satisfy themselves by calling at the Holland Gallery in Grafton Street, where they are to be seen and handled, or by obtaining them from the colour merchants. Nor can I speak from experience of their use except in a tentative way. I propose rather to make a few observations on the extravagant claims that have been made for them and certain unreasonable criticisms, on the other hand, of which they have been the subject. First of all the plain fact is clear that oil colour in this form can be applied very much as if it were pastel, the advantage over pastel being that the pigment is not liable to drop off the paper or canvas; the difference, that the colours being glutinously moist at the moment of application cannot be blended by hatching or rubbing in quite the same way as the dust of pastel. We may leave on one side the question of excellence or durability in these particular colours, and, for the sake of argument, take for granted that the invention can be applied to sound materials with durable results. Whether the particular combination of oil and wax is sound is a question for chemists; there is an initial advantage for the pigment in the quantity of medium being constant.

In the next place let us put aside some rather foolish eulogies that have been bestowed on the invention. It has been claimed that every painter can reproduce by use of these sticks the character of his painting with other materials, be those materials oil-colours, pastel, or water-colours. Thus it is said that the oil-painter has only to take a brush and some turpentine and go over his touches to produce the effect of brush-painting. This, evidently, would be a very roundabout way of proceeding and also a very messy and futile; for the precision, freshness and exact character of blending and not blending of the brush stroke which partly digs into, partly slides over the pigment below, could not be obtained in this way. Its only object would be to make a drawing executed in one way appear to have been executed in another. Still more foolish is it to point to M. Besnard's imitation of a water-colour at the Holland Gallery exhibition as a triumph for the paint-sticks. It is a triumph of chinoiserie; for M. Besnard has produced very closely the effect of a bad kind of water-colour. Conceive the misplaced ingenuity of reproducing in a medium in which they do not exist the difficulties of a water-colour that is itself an imitation of an oil-painting. That is what M. Besnard has very successfully done: he has copied the flimsy cutting edges that arise from attempting full modelling with a transparent wash.

M. Raffaëlli, in his eagerness to press his invention upon all and sundry, has greeted much too enthusiastically all these chinoiseries; but it does not follow that there is not a proper and valuable use for his sticks. Some of his own work gives us an idea of their natural use and limits. For twenty or twenty-five years he has, whether with brush or stick, been applying colour in a peculiar fashion. Among the exhibitors at the *Impressioniste* exhibitions of the eighties he was notable, like Degas, by whom he was doubtless influenced, for emphasising, in oil-painting, the *trait* rather than the *tache* or the sort of modelling in which the single brush strokes are blended. The hog's-hair brush is a fairly manageable instrument and can be used to produce a *trait* as well as the mark more natural to it, the *tache*; and camel-hair pencils or riggers can be used for fine superficial drawing. But this school of painters arose from a draughtsman tradition, that of Delacroix and Daumier with the fat strong line of the greasy lithographic chalk, and of Millet in his pastels. It is quite conceivable that if Millet had struck upon the invention of M. Raffaëlli, he would have used his oil-colour in the form of sticks. They would have given him the tool for strong contour and hatched modelling such as he tended to introduce into oil from pastel, and would have met, probably, his requirements in the degree of fineness of touch. Painters in our own country like Mr. Orchardson, (who curiously enough declared against these sticks on the first report of them), men who work chiefly by *trait* in painting, might

conceivably find them congenial if their habits were not already formed. In any case M. Raffaelli developed from the base of what he called "characteristic drawing" in an early pamphlet an interesting variety of painting. It preserved a frank delineation of contours, and within them the notes of colour were of the special kind that a keyboard of sticks leads to when it replaces the mixtures of the palette. M. Raffaelli has a true eye for aerial harmonies, and he took care to get his main relations right; the tone, for example, of buildings against a grey-blue sky. But he does not pursue this into the minor differences. When he has to spot down a uniform, or some other bit of colour in a street scene, he notes it so that it shall be bright and pleasant, but with no great research of values. That would require so many intermediate sticks in the keyboard that the system would become unworkable. Now this limit on the workableness of a system of ready mixed-up colours cuts both ways: it has advantages as well as disadvantages, advantages in favour rather of fairly good painters than of the best. Give a fairly good painter an infinite range of gradation, such as he has, but for acquired habits, on his palette, he ends usually (being a modern and with a modern's scruples) by so puzzling his head over little points of difference in tint that he puzzles his paint as well, and loses all sense of a definite controlling harmony. Limit him to a fair number of definite tints, mixed up for him, and by choosing these, as they lie together in his box, he may save himself the futile worry of a research for which either his senses are not fine enough or his governing idea not strong enough. He will therefore arrive at what is in a degree harmony, though rather mechanical and monotonous, and he will avoid messing. It may be objected that it is superfluous to consider this kind of painter, but that is carrying exclusiveness too far. There are many mansions; there are qualities of drawing with a relative power in colour that are worth having.

On the question of speed and ease, of freedom from the distraction of the preparation and processes of the palette, M. Raffaelli, I think, greatly exaggerates the advantages of his sticks. To get anything like the infinite range of colour and tone that can be obtained from the mixture of five or six pigments on a palette, the keyboard of the sticks must be enormous, the work of searching for the right stick and putting it back in its place one of time and worry. The case is worse than that of pastel, because pastels can be more freely and thoroughly mixed upon the paper and therefore used in smaller number; and to many minds pastel drawing is already too worrying because of the work of identifying the misplaced and discoloured sticks. Not to have to clean brushes and palette is certainly a tempting consideration for the painter who has to do that for himself; but it is a consideration that can only weigh if other things are equal. The quick drying of the colours is another convenience; but only experience could prove whether the wax, which would always be fusible by heat, might not set up unexpected results. Wax-painted pictures are at the mercy of a hot iron.

Such are some of the general considerations that apply. The sticks, I should think, will take their place for the kind of work I have indicated above, and might be a useful adjunct to the older methods for putting in the contours and masses of big designs, or for executing work in a few limited tints. A procedure, on which I have not touched, has been experimented with, namely drawing into a varnish. This corresponds with Rubens's method of painting in parts of his big decorations. The sticks would also be convenient for trying corrections in pictures, such as are frequently made in the disagreeable form of white chalk. Of one thing we may be sure, namely that the vast army of amateurs and spinsters, who hail every new process as a hopeful substitute for art, will fall with avidity on the new invention, will make not quite so much mess on canvas as before, and, what is more important, not nearly so much upon clothes and carpets.

I must make my apologies to the Arts and Crafts Society for postponing my notice of their exhibition. An event that claims longer notice than can be given here is the death of Mr. Penrose, full of years and of fame such as the investigators of abstruse ques-

tions can secure. His work on the "Principles of Athenian Architecture" with its research into the mathematical subtleties of curvature in the Parthenon, appeared as long ago as 1851. Later he was appointed "Surveyor" at S. Paul's. He backed up Mr. Cockerell, the only artist on the Commission, in securing that Alfred Stevens's design should be executed instead of those that obtained the higher premiums in the competition. It is to this cabal, clique or coterie, therefore, that we owe the monument. He was Surveyor during its erection and removal to its present site, and he told me, in a conversation I had with him some years ago about the project for its completion, that he had accompanied Stevens when he revisited Italy, after obtaining the commission, so as to refresh his memory of the monuments there. One of Mr. Penrose's last acts was to send to the committee a note upon the construction of the fabric of the monument, to warrant its bearing the weight of the equestrian statue. So that charge too, as well as his own work, was completed.

D. S. MACCOLL.

A CHAOTIC PLAY.

MR. CARTON is our nearest equivalent to M. Capus. In lightness and deftness of touch he is unrivalled by any of the other gentlemen who are writing our comedies. And the atmosphere breathed by his characters is just that atmosphere of irresponsibility, of non-morality, breathed by the characters of M. Capus. And yet it seems absurd to mention his and M. Capus' names in the same breath. The most rabid patriot among us would not dare pretend that the work of this Englishman does not shrivel under comparison with that Frenchman's work. What is the secret of their difference? Why is it that after seeing a play by M. Capus we go away glowing with a sense of delicate repletion and exhilaration, while from a play by Mr. Carton we seem to go empty away? The reason, surely, is that M. Capus always means something, whereas Mr. Carton never means anything. M. Capus always has some idea about life—not perhaps a very profound, or irrefragable, or even original idea, but still an idea. And round it his characters and incidents revolve, illustrating it, and by it brought into artistic unity. His every play is a criticism of life. He is a man of the world, and he watches the world, and is interested in the world, and has something to say about the world, and says it. Mr. Carton may be a man of the world, but I gather that the world does not interest him. If he has anything to say about the world, he certainly does not say it. That ladies wear pretty frocks, and that gentlemen wear well-cut frock-coats, and that ladies and gentlemen are not always in love with their own husbands and wives, and that they do not always pay their tradesmen's bills punctually—such is the full extent of Mr. Carton's message to us. And it is not enough. We knew it before. We want some sort of deduction from the evidence. We want to know what Mr. Carton is thinking. We want to know what Mr. Carton is driving at. He is thoughtless. He is driving at nothing. And that is why his plays, once seen, are so soon forgotten. It is not necessary that a writer of comedies should have a solid philosophy of life, though, if he have that (with enough artistic sense to keep it in the background, visible but inobtrusive) so much the better. But some sort of attitude towards life he must have. I conjure Mr. Carton to strike some sort of attitude.

In "A Clean Slate", the play now on view at the Criterion Theatre, I find not even that technical neatness which Mr. Carton has hitherto displayed. It is a chaotic play. It is a farce conceived as a comedy, and executed partly as a comedy and partly as a farce. Farcical, rather than comic, is the main scheme—a woman divorcing her husband because she wants to marry the co-respondent's husband. Mr. Carton, however, has drawn two of the "parties" as comic characters without a touch of farce in them. These are the petitioner and the co-respondent's husband. And

the reason, no doubt, why they are purely comic is that one of them was to be, and is, impersonated by Miss Compton. Now, it is quite possible to treat a farcical idea in a purely comic spirit, and to produce thereby a quite passable imitation of a comedy. But it is difficult to play this trick. The farcical idea is always tripping you up, unless you are very careful. It has tripped Mr. Carton up. The respondent and the co-respondent are more farcical than comic. And the whole trend of events, after the first act, is wholly farcical. The decree of divorce has been made absolute. The petitioner is staying in a cottage, where she is visited by the co-respondent's husband, eager for immediate marriage. She is visited also by the respondent, who has parted from the co-respondent, and is eager for immediate re-marriage. She is visited also by the co-respondent and the co-respondent's mother, who are anxious to know the respondent's address, and then the fun becomes what is technically known as fast and furious—everyone setting everyone else by the ears, in the approved manner. And, as none of the characters is wholly farcical, and some of them are not at all so, the fastness and furiousness of the fun does not exhilarate us. We merely raise our eyebrows, and hope that next time Mr. Carton will go to work on some purely comic scheme. No one would wish him to write a thorough farce. We do not wish Miss Compton to be excluded. She is so delightful and peculiar an actress that she is quite worthy to have plays written uxoriously round her. If Mr. Carton had to choose between writing plays round a wife and writing them round an intellectual idea, I should urge him to the latter course. But no choice is forced on him. There is no reason why he should not write round both. It only remains for him, having found the one, to find the other.

I chose an unlucky evening on which to see Miss Compton's performance. The first line she speaks is "Thanks, I'm quite well. I never allow the weather to affect me." That is a line characteristic of all Miss Compton's impersonations. A genial, comfortable imperturbability is the keynote of them all. But alas, Miss Compton's voice belied her words. It was obvious that she had allowed the weather to affect her, and so strongly to affect her that one could hardly catch a word she was saying, or rather whispering. The extrinsic pity thus evoked from us might have deepened our delight in another kind of performance. But Miss Compton and pathos do not blend well. She ceases to exist when she does not seem immune from discomfort. I hope she has recovered her voice, but, even so, I doubt whether she can be seen at her best. An actress of her kind needs an actor of a similar kind to bring out her full qualities. The only actor whose manner really matches Miss Compton's is Mr. Charles Hawtrey. He alone possesses the full secret of that imperturbability. Together in "Lord and Lady Algy" the two were irresistible. But in "A Clean Slate" Miss Compton's coadjutor is Mr. Brandon Thomas, whose manner is the very antithesis of hers. He is essentially perturbable, emotional, pathetic. He plays here the part of an old admiral, in whom is a strong vein of sentiment. And this strong vein he works so assiduously, with so much more strength than Mr. Carton can have intended, that Miss Compton must inevitably be scouted by the audience as a very monster of heartlessness. And heartlessness is quite out of the character which now, as always, she is illustrating. Can it be that, the other night, she was but feigning voicelessness, in order to redress, for once, the balance of sympathy? If so, I can only say that the stratagem was inartistic.

The chaos of the play is positively cosmic in comparison with the chaos of the cast. One would suppose that Mr. Carton, or whoever selected the cast, had sworn to show us a sample of every different style of acting to be found at this moment in Great Britain. As though the duel between Miss Compton and Mr. Brandon Thomas were not enough excitement for us, we have champions of all the other various schools fighting it out between themselves. An exciting, even an instructive, spectacle! But one is sorry for the poor trampled-on play. Or rather, one thinks with sorrow of all those other, better plays, which one has

seen trampled on with a similar ruthlessness. The great difficulty in casting a play nowadays is not that there are few good mimes, but that the mimes are good in so many divergent and irreconcilable manners. It is seldom that one finds in London, as one finds so easily in Paris, a company of which every member blends with every other member, thus producing that unity of impression which a company ought to produce on us. Almost always there is a sense of discord. Happily, however, there is not often a sense of such complete discord as now at the Criterion.

The Stage Society has done well in producing "A Man of Honour", a tragi-comedy written by Mr. W. S. Maugham. It is the story of a young man who, for reasons of conscience, married a barmaid. The second act, in which husband and wife are bickering, is admirably conceived and written; and the third act is a fine piece of emotional drama. The rest of the play falls to pieces. Mr. Maugham becomes too bitter. In the first three acts he draws without prejudice a weak and well-meaning young man. And then suddenly the young man becomes a monster. His wife has thrown herself into the river. Her body lies in the room next to that in which he is sitting. After a little while, he makes no secret of his joy. He pulls up the window-blind and sends a messenger for the lady with whom he is in love, and by reason of whom his wife drowned herself. In real life, no doubt, this young man might be glad, in his inmost heart, from the first. But he would loathe himself for his gladness (though, doubtless, he would love himself for loathing it). He would try to keep it a secret from himself and, more especially, from other people. Thus, since there could be no dramatic revelation, Mr. Maugham should have allowed a few months to elapse between his third and fourth acts. Then we could have all the bitterness that is needed, without any sacrifice of truth. MAX.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE National Provident Institution is one of the first to issue its annual report, and is invariably one of the best. This year it is even more interesting than usual, since it marks the end of a valuation period, and contains some particulars about the valuation. The office is one of those well-managed companies which place the welfare of existing policy-holders before everything else, and wisely relegate the accession of new members to the subordinate position.

As a result of refusing to pay extravagant terms for the introduction of new business the premium income grows but slowly; but it does increase by some few thousands of pounds every year, thus fulfilling the ideal condition of obtaining such a volume of new assurances as shall a little more than make up for the cessation of policies through claims and surrenders. The result of this policy is seen in the low expenditure at which the business is conducted. Only 10½ per cent. of the premiums is absorbed in commission and expenses, and, as the National Provident is a mutual office, there is no addition to be made to this figure for dividends to shareholders. When the expenditure actually incurred is compared with the provision made for expenses at the valuation it is found that a large margin remains as a source of surplus, and consequently of bonuses, for the policy-holders.

In spite of the low rate of expenditure the new business is larger than usual, the new sums assured have only once been exceeded, and the amount of the new premiums has not previously been equalled, at least for many years past; nor can we trace that the rate of expenditure, when the volume of new business is taken into account, has previously been so low as it was in 1902.

Though in many of the best offices expenses are decreasing rather than otherwise one feature which tends to make the results under life assurance policies less lucrative than formerly, is the reduction in the rate of interest that can now be earned upon the funds. This is a matter over which the directors of life offices have but little control, and as it affects

investments of all kinds, investment in life assurance compares quite as favourably as previously with investments of other kinds. In this connexion the National Provident fares exceptionally well. The limitations as to the securities in which the funds could be invested formerly prevented the institution from obtaining an adequate rate of interest. These limitations were removed some time ago, and a wider field for investment became available. The result of this change has been not merely to stem the decline in the yield upon the funds, but to bring about a material increase. Last year the rate of interest yielded upon the total funds, invested and uninvested, exceeded $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the list of assets shows that this satisfactory return was obtained upon securities of the highest class. As the Institution values its liabilities upon a 3 per cent. basis there is a further considerable surplus derived from this interest margin of more than $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

The three chief sources of surplus in a life office are an actual expenditure less than was provided for, a rate of interest yielded by the funds greater than was calculated upon, and an actual mortality at a lower rate than was anticipated. We have already seen that expenditure and interest make substantial contributions to surplus, and the report shows that a further large amount of profit was derived from favourable mortality. The total amount paid in death claims was less by £486,000 than the amount provided for by the mortality tables employed in the valuation. In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the surplus shown by the valuation is considerably greater than in previous years: it amounts to more than £816,000, of which over £761,000 is being divided among the participating policy-holders. We must wait for the full valuation returns before we can compare the actual bonus results with those of previous years. Apart from the fact that the surplus is much larger than usual there is the further fact that the reserves have been strengthened by more than £18,000 in consequence of adopting in the valuation the new British Offices' tables for assurances and annuities, in place of the healthy males and Government Annuity tables.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY TREATY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ottawa, 2 February, 1903.

SIR,—Canadians are following with lively interest the comments of the American and English newspapers upon the new Alaskan Treaty, and have noted with ill-concealed impatience the jubilant tone of the British press. It is felt to be a bad augury for Canadian interests that the newspapers of the two countries are singing in unison. Manifestly, if the terms of the Treaty are satisfactory to the United States, the friends of the Dominion would do well to suppress their joy until after the termination of the negotiations. Without wishing for a moment to be ill-natured or to throw cold water upon the happy faith of the average Englishman in the friendly attitude of the average American towards the British Empire, one cannot very well ignore the evidences of the past, so far as the attitude of the United States towards Canada is concerned.

The history of the settlement of the boundaries between the two countries is one long story of give and take—England giving, at Canada's expense, and the United States taking, with an amused smile at English credulity. The faith of England in the efficacy of the policy of winning American friendship by the sacrifice of Canadian territory has doubtless something sublime about it, yet the people of the Dominion may be forgiven for occasionally finding it a little wearying.

From the treaty of 1783, when the astute Franklin played for the first time the now worn-out game of offering an imaginary American friendship for a sub-

stantial British concession; when the open-handed Shelburne made the United States a present of 270,000 square miles of the best part of Western Canada, gave them fishing rights in Canadian waters, and sacrificed the interests of the gallant band of United Empire Loyalists, who had given up their homes and all that they held dear, rather than prove false to the Mother Land, down to the present time, there never has been an occasion on which Canadian interests have not been either openly or ignorantly sacrificed.

After the War of 1812, the cause of which was English and not Canadian, and the brunt of which was borne by Canadian militia, England restored to the United States territory which our handful of men had wrested from the Americans. In 1842 Daniel Webster, by the falsification of a map, induced Lord Ashburnham to cede to the United States a vast territory, eleven thousand square miles, which ploughs like a wedge into the very heart of New Brunswick, and must ever be a menace to the security of the Maritime Provinces. By the treaty of 1846 England yielded to the Republic, on the Pacific Coast, all that she had contended for since 1824, when she had proposed the Columbia River as an equitable boundary. After the American Civil War, a joint high commission sat in Washington to settle certain claims arising out of the war. England paid the award in the Alabama claims, \$15,000,000 (over half of which is still in the United States Treasury), while the claims of Canada, arising out of the Fenian raids, were coolly ignored. Sir John MacDonald, writing to his colleagues from Washington, said: "I must say I am greatly disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners. They seem to have only one thing on their minds, that is, to go home to England with a treaty in their pockets, settling everything, no matter at what cost to Canada." The same dreary tale might be continued through many pages. Every dispute involving Canadian interests has ended the same way; every treaty has been marked by two characteristics, disingenuousness on the part of the Americans, and a child-like faith on the part of the British representatives.

Having in view the history of the past, it is perhaps not altogether to be wondered at that Canadians are a trifle pessimistic as to the outcome of the present treaty. The curious provision that the commission is to be composed of three American and three British jurists holds out small hope of a decision favourable to the claims of the Dominion. There never has been an occasion, in the whole history of the United States, where American statesmen have made any material concession from the claims of their own country, while, as has been seen, Great Britain has invariably made sacrifices to the idol of American friendship. The American press, high and low, the respectable journals no less than the Yellow abominations, have taken this equal constitution of the commission as absolutely assuring to the United States a favourable decision. The inference of course is that the American jurists could not, in any possible circumstances, be expected to abate one jot or tittle of the United States' claim, while the press quite frankly predicts the winning over of at least one of the British commissioners.

One cannot attempt here to touch upon the merits of the Canadian case, beyond a reminder that the late Lord Herschell considered it practically impregnable, if submitted to any impartial tribunal; but I wish I could impress upon Englishmen the vital importance, especially at the present juncture, of not wilfully sacrificing Canadian interests in a matter which touches so closely both the material welfare and the national honour of the Dominion. If it should be proved, as a result of the investigations of the Commission, that the American, rather than the Canadian, claim is just and true, then there need be no misgivings as to the loyal manner in which Canadians will accept the decision; but if the old story should once again be repeated of rightful Canadian interests being sacrificed to placate American public opinion, it might result in incalculable harm to the cause of Imperial unity. Canadians have forgiven, but they have not forgotten, the Ashburnham and other treaties; they could hardly forget, with the map of the Dominion before them. British connexion was never dearer to the hearts of Canadians than it is

to-day; but it must not be forgotten that Canada is no longer a mere colony.

Yours &c.,

A CANADIAN.

[President Roosevelt's selection of men as American Commissioners, who avowedly approach the inquiry with minds made up against Canadian claims will hardly have reassured our correspondent.—ED. S. R.]

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gray's Inn, 24 February, 1903.

SIR,—Mr. Rider Haggard asks me to give my authorities for the statement that the depression of agriculture is now at an end. My information was mainly derived from personal inquiries among my friends and acquaintances, and from scattered references in the public press. I cannot give Mr. Haggard all of these references for I have not troubled to note them. But I can instead give him still more recent information with regard to the condition of agriculture in widely scattered parts of England.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—The "Western Morning News" of 14 January, 1903, writes as follows:—

"It is of course a truism that agriculture has for many years past suffered more heavily from depression than any other British industry. . . . For some years past, however, the farmers have been waking up, and have done much, if not to regain their former prosperity, at any rate to round the corner dividing loss from profit. Perhaps nowhere in England, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the greater cities, has greater success attended their efforts than in the West country."

HERTFORDSHIRE.—A friend who farms land of his own writes under date 12 February, 1903:—

"Agriculture in East Herts is certainly looking up. There is no doubt about it. Rents are rising and farmers pay increased rents without grumbling. I find it exceedingly difficult to account for this, as prices for cereals remain low. The points which strike me most are, the better cultivation of land, and cleaner appearance of country, hedges trimmed, and ditches cleaned out. A few years ago everything seemed to be 'let slide'. Hedges were never trimmed at all. I rejoice to see the improvement, but cannot explain it. Farmers tell me it is because the land has gone into the hands of hard workers. Many farmers in these parts managed to buy their holdings during the depressed times."

YORKSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.—At the annual meeting of the Chamber of Agriculture of Wetherby the following speech was made by Major Dent (see "Yorkshire Post", 10 February, 1903):—

"Major Dent added that he thought they had seen the worst of this so-called agricultural depression. Speaking as a landowner in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire he could say that there was a better demand for any farm that happened to be vacant. A particularly hopeful sign was that good intelligent young men were coming in and taking farms."

ESSEX.—The following appeared in a leading article in "Country Life" of 10 January, 1903:—

"Anyone who takes the trouble to make a pilgrimage through Essex will find that deplorable county presenting a very different picture from that given in the notable report made to Parliament by Mr. Hunter Pringle. Land which was coloured black in the map accompanying his remarks is now not only cultivated, but cultivated extensively, and in a manner to yield the most abundant crops. Where waste and desolation lay all round, the land is now smiling with orchard trees, and berry-bearing bushes. In other places dairies have been established, and men are deriving a comfortable if not a luxurious livelihood, by producing milk for London consumption."

Mr. Rider Haggard further asks whether I do not admit that the question of our food supply in time of war involves a very great danger. On the contrary I hold that our food supply, whether in war or in peace, is now more secure than it has ever been before, for the simple reason that we draw upon the whole world for our supplies. In 1812 we grew nearly the whole of the wheat we required for our own consumption. Yet the price of wheat rose to the famine figure of 126s. 6d. per quarter. Yours obediently,

HAROLD COX,

Secretary of the Cobden Club.

"HIDDEN MANNA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Constitutional Club, W.C., 8 February, 1903.

SIR,—In your current issue appears a notice of my Moorish story: "Hidden Manna." In it your reviewer calls my taste into question. I trust I am philosophic enough to grudge your reviewer nothing in the shape of an opinion about me. Indeed, he is very welcome to the wisest or the most absurd. But, in this case, he has, in the expression of his opinion, drawn an inference which common decency compels me to recognise and condemn. He says:—"As a real Shareef did marry an Englishwoman, who is now living at Tangier, we must quarrel with Mr. Dawson's taste, particularly as his Shareefa is"—&c. Sir, if your reviewer has read my book, the implication contained in these lines appears to be wilful and malicious; if he has not read the book his comments are singularly out of place in the critical columns of a journal like the SATURDAY REVIEW; in either case he is indiscreet.

In proportion to its population, Morocco has as many Shareefs as England has book-reviewers. Historical events have always I imagine been taken as a guide by writers of fiction. All the circumstances of the story differ widely from those of the lives of the Shareef and Shareefa so unhappily connected by your reviewer with my book. For me the inference is made the more unpleasant by the fact that I enjoy the privilege of frequently meeting the English lady in question among mutual friends in Tangier. "Hidden Manna" is well known in Tangier, and among those residents of England who know Morocco intimately; but your reviewer is the first person to be inspired with this very unpleasant suggestion.

With regard to the other remarks he makes about the book, your reviewer is equally singular. However, this only concerns me, and is of little importance. The most casual inquiry about Morocco would suffice to show your reviewer why, in a story dealing with that country, "minaret becomes manarat, and so forth". What he means by "ordinary Muhammadan (sic) exclamations", I cannot tell, any more than I could understand a man speaking of "Christian exclamations". Christendom and Islam have this in common, that each has many tongues. "He seems to imagine that kief is a dangerous drug." Had your reviewer repeated this remark three times it might have been true. As it stands, I think it might with equal relevance be replaced by: "He seems to imagine kief is worth a guinea a box", or: "He seems to think kief nicer than marmalade." As a fact, Sir, I have for years thought kief and silence nicer than innuendo and twaddle. I have to thank your reviewer for hitting upon a thread of connexion, hitherto unnoticed by myself, between the story and its title. And you, Sir, I have seriously to thank in anticipation for the opportunity of expressing my complete dissociation from the inference which connects any living person with a romance for which I am responsible.

I am, Sir, obediently yours,

A. J. DAWSON.

[We are glad that Mr. Dawson disclaims intention to connect a living person with his romance "Hidden Manna". But we cannot admit that he has any right to complain of an inference in an opposite sense being drawn from his book. He has only himself to thank for it. To substitute a native word for its recognised English form merely because you are writing of the country of the language is pedantry.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"The Scarlet Letter." By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
London: Dent. 1903. 1s. 6d. net.

"The Scarlet Letter." By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
London: Grant Richards. 1903. 1s. net.

WE confess to experiencing considerable pleasure when we find the republishers at work upon Nathaniel Hawthorne. Both these editions of "The Scarlet Letter" are good ones. That of Messrs. Dent is perhaps the more clearly printed; but on the other hand that of Messrs. Grant Richards is not over-weighted by a long introduction by Mr. Percy Dearmer. These introductions, we have said before, are becoming a nuisance. Mr. Dearmer's is not precisely that, but it is far too lengthy; and the style of it, when compared with the style of the matter it precedes, is lamentably slack and journalistic. Still, the Dent book is admirable. It is small, light, handy for the pocket and easy to read. The Grant Richards edition is a little too closely printed, and that is the most we can say against it.

It was fully time to reprint Hawthorne and we hope the republishers will not stop short at the "Scarlet Letter". After all, though it may be—and, we think, is—Hawthorne's finest tale, it is not his only one; and there are phases of the man's powers not to be found there that came out clearly in "The House of the Seven Gables", the "Mosses from an Old Manse" and the "Twice-Told Tales". An acquaintance with those books as well as with "The Scarlet Letter" is necessary if one is to realise an important fact, the fact, namely, that Hawthorne is not only the greatest novelist, but the greatest literary genius, that America has so far produced. This may seem either a rash statement or a mere truism, according to the reader's temperament and point of view. But leaving each reader—as we needs must—to decide finally for himself, let us offer our own notion of Hawthorne.

One notion of him must be promptly discarded. The "shy and retiring" anæmic consumptive of some memoir-writers had nothing in common with the real Hawthorne. He was not obtrusive, it is true; but he had sufficient force in him to make the American Government find him employment for many years. He stood six feet high, looked every inch a man, and lived to be sixty. He had had enormous struggles before he made his first genuine success (with "The Scarlet Letter") at the age of forty-six; and possibly the worries and cares of the earlier period may have sapped his strength and led to his comparatively early death. But that he was originally and during the longer portion of his life a strong man, full of health, is proved not only by the witness of trustworthy contemporaries but by the endless spirit and humour of his writings. Without any fuss, with never a Carlylese groan, he lived sixty strenuous years; he turned out more "copy" than many writers who lived longer; he had for intimate friends and admirers men who by no means loved or even tolerated shy, anæmic men—amongst them Thoreau, Longfellow and Emerson. Longfellow wrote of him in a verse quoted by Mr. Dearmer,

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen
And left the tale half told."

There, in the phrase "topmost speed" we find the true Hawthorne: he lived his days at topmost speed, working with all the power that was in him, working as hard as Dickens worked, to create things undreamed of until he came to acquire a mastery of the English language which had been arrived at by no American before and has been approached by none other since. That he was gentle, boasting neither by the direct method nor by the indirect method of complaining of the hardness of the task set him—this we can well believe; but that he was an anæmic weakling is an opinion not to be found tenable by anyone who knows what American literature was when he took it up and what it was when he left it.

He, as we find him in the novels, resembles Fielding

on some points as closely as the twain differ widely on others. To begin with there is the same discarding of the dignity of the author, and the same gift for fooling lightly without losing the reader's respect. There is the same unflinching humour and untiring vivacity, the same keen perception of human foibles and tolerance of them, the same good-natured scorn for pretentiousness of all sorts, especially in public men—mayors, magistrates, heads of great states and beadles. A comparison of Fielding's remarks on Justices of the Peace in England with Hawthorne's description of the American Pyncheon (in "The House of the Seven Gables") shows the likenesses as well as the unlikenesses of the two authors and their methods. With a lighter touch than Fielding's, Hawthorne is yet the more serious. Fielding jokes and mildly scoffs; Hawthorne contrives to make Pyncheon ridiculous for his pomposity and yet contrives to let you know that the pomposity lowers Pyncheon in his eyes. But there all the resemblances end. Fielding belonged to the old world, Hawthorne to the new; Fielding belonged to a dead century, Hawthorne to one whose spirit is still alive to-day; Fielding had no historic sense, nor any sense of the loveliness and sympathy of mother nature, nor what we may call the revived fear of the supernatural, while Hawthorne had all these. And, chiefly, Hawthorne was a great story-teller. He could not even write the introductory chapter of "The Scarlet Letter"—that on the custom-house—without making it into a sort of story. One actually grows interested in those nameless old boys who had sat outside the building for half a century, or it may be a century or two centuries, living at the expense of the nation, spending "a good deal of their time, alas, asleep in their accustomed corners, with their chairs tilted back against the wall; awaking, however, once or twice in a forenoon, to bore one another with the several thousandth repetition of old sea stories, and mouldy jokes, that had grown to be passwords and countersigns among them". We want to know whether, in Hawthorne's phrases, those heads are going to fall at the next presidential election; we are rather glad that they don't, and that Hawthorne, "in my decapitated state", was left to write the tale of it all. The tale-spinning gift served him well in "The House of the Seven Gables" as well as in "The Scarlet Letter". The second is an amazing tour de force. For your ordinary novelist such a subject could have been nothing more than an occasion for melodrama. But Hawthorne first of all arranges his background—the ancient city of Salem, with its old-world many-gabled houses, its long-robed, steeple-hatted, sour-faced rigorous Puritans, the melancholy sea-shore, the mysterious wood inland where the reputed witches held their nightly revels, the marketplace and the gaol; and when he has thrown the dread of the supernatural over all, established an uncanny atmosphere, made you feel how unpleasant it must have been to live in such a locality, he starts his tragedy. The externals of the tragedy he does not make much of; but how dreadful the tragedy is he brings home to you by dealing with the mental states of the actors in it. The parson going to the devil, knowing it, through cowardice and fear, the surgeon going there through a hatred that eats out his every human attribute, the woman, the only one who has suffered public punishment, growing nobler and nobler through open bravery—these are what he describes. The drama itself is like a nightmare, but the peculiar quality of Hawthorne's imagination is shown in the wonderful way he sustains his uncanny atmosphere by means of the faintest hints that have a discomforting effect and yet compel you to long for more. He was too superb an artist to give more; so that while all the ghost-tales of the last century with their laborious details of gruesomeness cannot stir one to a shudder, "The Scarlet Letter" can be read fifty times and make you shudder every time. There is no high bombast: the language is as simple—even to the verge of being colloquial—in the tensest, most dramatic, moments as it is in the chapter on the custom-house, and it is his triumph and guarantee of immortality that Hawthorne has done this. Such English, so light, so unassuming, yet so picturesque, pregnant, loaded with meaning, has been written

by no other American and not by many Englishmen. To use the tritest of all phrases, the art that conceals art was his. The scene between Hester and the minister in the forest is a miracle of this sort. There is not a word too many, not an unfamiliar word, in the two chapters; yet we have the leafy forest, the babbling brook, and a scene of splendid passion brought before us as though we saw them with our eyes. The emotion rises to its noblest in that noblest of all noble closes to a novel: one lays down the book with the feelings of one who has just heard say a Palestrina mass and holds still the "Agnus Dei" in his ears—one seems to have listened to a magnificent solemn music.

Whether Hawthorne was properly speaking an American author is another matter. He died fifty years ago when the American population was not what it is to-day, a loose assemblage of specimens of all the peoples of Europe. What chiefly distinguishes the American from the Englishman are certain qualities that the Englishman heartily dislikes; and push and hustle is not a gospel likely to find expression in a high order of literature. But he was born there, lived and worked and died there, and so America, in the interests of international friendship, may be permitted to claim as her own one of the greatest masters of English the world has known.

THE UNREALITY OF MR. HALDANE.

"The Pathway to Reality." By R. B. Haldane. London: Murray. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. HALDANE in 1902-3 was a Gifford Lecturer; and a Gifford Lecturer is an eminent professor of any recondite and abstruse subject you like, who is persuaded for various reasons by the Gifford Trustees to deliver courses of lectures which are strictly speaking neither scientific nor popular. Now, as if there were not too many nondescript books already in the world, these lectures are put together in volume form and sent out into the world for the delectation of the intellectual amphibians who can exist feebly for an indefinite time in a scientific medium if it is not too scientific, but whose native habitat is really the popular, only they are too pretentious to acknowledge it to themselves or others. With the knowledge that they are addressing an audience who are not really on the level of their own ideas, these eminent men adopt quite another attitude in preparing such books from what they would adopt if they were writing independently. If left to themselves without a Gifford or a Hibbert lectureship in view they might write a popular exposition of their subject, but in most cases they would not: and if Mr. Haldane had wanted to write about Hegelianism, we do not think he would have tried to popularise the Ultimate Nature of Reality. But as a Gifford lecturer he must try to do it, and yet assume the pose of a thinker really making some important contribution to knowledge. Why should capable men like Mr. Haldane waste their time and abilities on work which adds nothing to the content of the subjects in which they are specially competent? They put together books which sell, on account of their well-known names, but which have no special value, and the practice is becoming too common. Mr. Oman lately published "Seven Roman Statesmen"; and if he were asked why, he would be the last person in the world to say that there was any sufficient reason for it but the prospect of selling it. That is not exactly the spirit in which men of special training should give books to the world. Let who will be "popular", it is not for them who are capable of better things. Gifford lectureships, and others of the same kind, are a premium to scholars to produce inferior work. As a contribution to philosophy Mr. Haldane's "Pathway to Reality" has nothing original about it but the title; which is exactly the kind of thing that does not impress favourably real students, but does attract the above-mentioned amphibious reader. Since the book was published we have seen a newspaper notice which stated that Mr. Haldane will be remembered in future years as a philosopher when his name as a lawyer will be forgotten. The writer is just the sort of person the Gifford

lectureships cater for; and we are sure Mr. Haldane will feel uncomfortable if he reads the notice because he knows, as indeed he says, that there is nothing in the book but an exposition of the leading idea of Hegelianism. He has expounded it from a brief already prepared, and he has done his advocacy without adding to it the least vestige of criticism. Anything of value as a contribution to Hegelianism must be in the nature of criticism. It is what all the English Hegelians who count for anything have done; and this is precisely what Mr. Haldane has not attempted. So that the exposition is nothing to scholars who know as much of the system, say, as Mr. Haldane himself: or to those students who want to know—say the class in philosophy of any of the Scottish universities—the process of Hegel's thought and the relations of one part of his system to another. It is neither an original criticism nor a handbook: and it has the air of a production by an enthusiastic amateur who is trying to make sure that he has himself mastered the mysteries and takes every opportunity of convincing himself that he has done this by dilating on one or two of the most striking points to amateur auditors. That suits very well the people for whom the Gifford lectureships are designed. They are much the same people as would fill the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, if Mr. Haldane were announced to lecture there on Hegel or Schopenhauer or Lotze or another. If it were Lotze he would put in just such another little sketch of him as he does in the book, because he happens to have known him. And he would wind up, if it were Hegel, precisely as he does in the book with the pathetic sketch of the simple stone in "the now deserted cemetery of the old Dorotheen Kirche under which lie the mortal remains of the greatest master of abstract thought that the world has seen since the day when Aristotle died". This is the sort of thing which Gifford Lecturers to Philosophical Institution audiences must prepare: and they will label it the "Pathway" to something or other, no matter what, so long as their auditors may feel themselves very intellectual people while they are travelling along it.

This Gifford Hegelian business is really an amusing comedy. We delight in the picture of the Hegelian strong man Mr. Haldane, clearing the pathway to ultimate reality for the tender feet of the Philosophical Institution audience. See the pose of him as he displays his philosophic muscle! Hercules lecturing on his twelve labours could not have been more impressive. Mr. Haldane tells us in the preface that he lectured *ex tempore*, though from prepared notes, in order that, as he presented remote and obscure issues, he might follow the workings of the mind of his audience. He must have been sorry as he observed the result; for we find him constantly striving to encourage his hearers, and a Cæsar or Hannibal or Napoleon might have so reanimated a despairing soldiery. This is the sort of thing always happening, at the end at least of the first four lectures. "We shall have in the next lecture to endeavour to find some firm ground on which to keep our footsteps from what, to many of you, has seemed a veritable Slough of Despond. To change the metaphor, we are still in shallow water—water too shallow to enable us to swim properly in it, and we must trust ourselves boldly to deeper water before we can learn to swim properly. To-morrow I hope to endeavour to put before you some considerations which may tempt you to think that the deeper water is the safest place to swim in." In short—me duce you shall perform the impossible. Is it not comedy, as we say, to be lecturing on Hegel to an audience whom it seems necessary to be constantly addressing in such a tone of good humoured contempt? Nothing of value could be put before it; and therefore no question arises in considering this book of any views of Mr. Haldane on the Hegelian philosophy. Mr. Haldane seems anxious to obtain some reputation as a philosophic thinker; but he will have to win it in other lists than that provided for him by the Gifford Trustees. His colleagues had at least won a reputation in their own subjects before they let themselves down to the level of the audiences whom they addressed. Mr. Haldane has taken the opposite course; and if his tilting with Hegel in such

lists is safe, because competent critics will not trouble about it, for that reason there is no glory to be got out of it. What he did looked no doubt like a very considerable feat to his unsophisticated audience; just as it did to the writer of the newspaper notice before mentioned. But it is not, except to such people; and Mr. Haldane must be easily satisfied if he is pleased with the distinction conferred by such hands. We do not know Mr. Haldane's competency as a writer on Hegel, because he has not yet put himself into the proper medium for a test. He must submit himself to his peers, and not to a Gifford lectureship audience, which is the artificial creation of a well meaning but mistaken man, who left money for lectures on subjects with which popular audiences ought to have nothing to do. To consider the "Science of God" before such audiences is utterly inappropriate, and it can only result in ousting common-sense ideas without replacing them with anything truly scientific or philosophic, for these latter are beyond their competence. Mr. Haldane says "it is laudable" to consider this "Science of God". So it is in suitable circumstances and by suitable people. We would not have it supposed that we would shut out Mr. Haldane himself. But Mr. Haldane is talking unrealities when he professes that he is doing something to counteract "the unhappy consequences which have followed the neglect of Faith to seek the support of Reason" by talking a little Hegelianism to crude auditors in the tone of a conjurer's patter.

LORD ROBERTS' CONCEPTION OF CAVALRY.

"With General French and the Cavalry in South Africa." By Charles Sydney Goldmann. London: Macmillan. 1902. 15s.

AMONG the many surprises of the Boer war few have caused more comment than the general failure of our cavalry to accomplish greater things. It seems that the primary cause of the cavalry not accomplishing more was due to the fact that none of our Generals in South Africa, save Sir John French, had a true conception of the proper use of cavalry in the field. If a commander misuses, misapplies or neglects to feed his cavalry or to keep them up to strength by a supply of good remounts, it stands to reason that they are foredoomed to failure.

First as regards starvation of horses. In the very earliest phase of the campaign the order was given to reduce the forage rations for cavalry to a starvation point. It is painful to recall the wearisome tale of horses starved, by order, under the most favourable conditions, when the supplies were coming up all right. That horses thus treated should be expected to accomplish forced marches on "reduced" or no rations at all is the true and simple explanation of the appalling waste of horseflesh throughout the whole war. It is the matured opinion of a well-known cavalry officer who fought throughout the war that the Boers were quite three times as well mounted as we were and their value as mounted men was consequently about three times their actual numbers. If it is urged that Lord Roberts was justified in reducing the forage rations since it was impossible to carry more, it must be remembered on the other hand that fifty properly fed and fit horses are worth a hundred starved ones and it would have been better policy to weed out the weakly and leave them behind, giving those in better condition a fuller ration.

Next as to remounts. It is not an exaggeration to say that the mounted infantry were given four to five remounts to kill or expend, largely from want of knowledge of horse management, whilst some good cavalry regiments were left practically dismounted. Here again the infantry spirit of the general asserted itself and in consequence the cavalry soldier—who had at any rate been trained to look after horses—was left without a mount, whilst the mounted infantry man by continuous "bucketing", rarely dismounting and ignorance of horseflesh generally, got through remount after remount with terrible rapidity. The contention that many of the horses were sent up to the front in a pitiable

condition and unfit for cavalry purposes does not exonerate the Commander-in-Chief. The cavalry might have brought round many of the horses; the infantry men did not, nor could they be expected to know how to do so.

In Mr. Goldmann's book the foregoing points are painfully brought out. It seems as clear as daylight that the failure to cut off the Boers at Poplar Grove was due simply to the horses of the cavalry division being all starved. Hence the chance for cavalry was lost and "a disorganised force in full retreat only three miles ahead" was able to escape with impunity because General French "was crippled with broken-down animals" dying of starvation! It was owing to the want of properly nourished horses that Olivier's commando, falling back from Stormberg, made good their escape past the British near Thabanchu. It is true that in this case Lord Roberts was so sanguine as to the moral effect of his occupation of Bloemfontein that he only sent a small mounted force to "distribute conciliatory proclamations and ascertain the feeling of the inhabitants" but the main body was delayed through the same neglect and starvation of the horses by the commander.

But it was after Paardeberg that the want of the true cavalry spirit in the leader became so plain. His success in taking nearly the whole of Cronje's force seems to have filled him with the belief that he would be able to make other and similar theatrical coups—minus the anniversary of Majuba. This explains much of his subsequent strategy and tactics. As a matter of fact the Boers never waited for him, or indeed for anyone else, again, and meanwhile his horses, having been starved systematically, had all gone to pieces. Mr. Goldmann has done service to the cavalry arm in placing on record all that they accomplished despite their consistent ill-treatment and the misapprehension of their proper rôle. But in order to grasp the reasons why our cavalry did not do more in South Africa we must go beyond the facts recorded by Mr. Goldmann and endeavour to realise the motives which prompted Lord Roberts in his operations subsequent to Bloemfontein. Divested of all sentiment and nonsense the broad fact remains that Lord Roberts imagined that if he could march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, the war would be ended. Starting with this axiom, he endeavoured to accomplish his task with the least possible expenditure of life and limb—at any rate in action. The heavy death roll en route from enteric and other diseases was due to other causes which, deplorable and to a certain extent preventable as they were, are outside of the province of strategy. The widely dispersed formations and consequently weakly held positions of the Boers made it necessary that he should advance on a very wide front and this his vastly superior numbers enabled him invariably to do. In furtherance of this "general idea", the cavalry, as this volume shows, were regularly employed in outflanking successive Boer positions and the Boers as invariably retreated when they saw they were in danger of being cut off. Hence the succession of so-called "battles" and the withdrawal of the Boers without loss to similar positions to repeat similar tactics. The success of these operations was hailed with a chorus of uneducated admiration for the General who could thus drive his enemy before him with but little or no loss. But the enemy driven back was not defeated and, what was still more unfortunate, absolutely declined to accept Lord Roberts' version of the game. To tell the naked, if brutal, truth, they required "more bloodshed"—amongst their own ranks—to make them accept the utterly incorrect statements in the bulletins that they were "defeated". For cavalry to accomplish great things an enemy must be first well hammered and demoralised but Lord Roberts' methods never gave them a chance to show what that arm could do, even if their horses had been fit. "The British infantry marched without seeing a Boer or firing a shot all up the main line from Bloemfontein to Pretoria"—so wrote with bitterness of heart a daring and energetic cavalry officer who finding himself eternally condemned to play at these "new tactics" realised that, owing to the want of the necessary co-operation of the other arms, his true rôle as a horse-soldier could never be brought into play.

The book has a most admirable appendix on "The Future of Cavalry in War", in which we fancy we detect the pen of a well-known officer of cavalry. It is interesting to follow out the action of the cavalry arm in South Africa on occasions when General French had a free hand and when despite the terrible disadvantages under which he laboured, owing to the way he was starved of remounts, he over and again demonstrated the power and value of the cavalry arm in the hands of a cavalry leader.

WHEN GEORGE III. WAS KING.

"Side-Lights on the Georgian Period." By George Paston. London: Methuen. 1902. 10s. 6d.

"GEORGE" PASTON is a specialist on the personal history of the eighteenth century; and his "Side-Lights" on the latter half of that period are entertaining and informative. That they are also varied will be gathered by the intending reader from the table of contents, which includes "A Burney Friendship", "The Ideal Woman", "The Felon", "The Fencing School", "The Yeoman's Daughter" &c. Not the least interesting chapter is an account of the birth of "The Monthly Review" in 1749, with its delightful ex cathedra judgments of the masterpieces of the age. Hidden away in the catalogue of current literature for February 1751 we come upon this announcement; "Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Dodsley 6d. The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity". Nothing more than that: so much for the criticism of contemporaries! "London through French Eye-Glasses" is an amusing description of the metropolis about the year 1750 by a Frenchwoman and a Frenchman. Curiously, what strikes them both is the method and good humour with which the traffic is conducted through the streets, (though in those days there were no police), as contrasted with the violence of the Parisian coachmen. Apparently the manners of "cabby" and "cocher" are hereditary. From Monsieur Grosley's account the nuisance of fog has diminished rather than increased since 1765. "On the 12th of April St. James's Park, incessantly covered with fog, smoke, and rain, that scarce left a possibility of distinguishing objects at the distance of four paces, was filled with walkers, who were an object and meditation to me during that whole day. The vapours with which the atmosphere is loaded drag with them in their fall the heaviest particles of smoke; this forms black rains and produces all the ill effects which may be justly expected from it upon the clothes of those who may be exposed to it." At the present time the story by Sir John Malcolm of the first South African war in 1794 is interesting, as our soldiers are described as being "harassed by small parties of burghers, mounted on active little horses, and carrying with them a long gun. . . . Unaccustomed to fire at anything but roebuck and ostriches till our arrival, they were eager to try their hands at new game, as they used scoffingly to term our troops". The Boer farmers do not change much in a hundred years, though probably they have learned their lesson at last. The last chapter (which by the way runs well into the nineteenth century) is made up of citations from Ticknor's visit to England. Ticknor was with Byron, Gifford, and Hallam, in the room over Mr. Murray's bookshop, when the news of Buonaparte's defeat at Waterloo was brought in by Sir James Bland Burgess, in a state of great excitement. "I am damned sorry to hear it", said Byron coolly, "I didn't know but what I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't now". Wordsworth told Ticknor that when he visited Walter Scott, just before he started for Naples broken in mind and body, he mentioned his last two books. "Don't speak of them", said Scott, "they smell of apoplexy". What a terrible and unforgettable phrase! "George" Paston's pleasant anecdotes tell us more about London and its society in the Georgian period than many more pretentious works of history.

NOVELS.

"The Colonel Sahib." By Garrett Mill. London: Blackwood. 1902. 6s.

The Colonel Sahib as the name indicates is an Anglo-Indian novel. It cannot be said to add much to the liveliness of that usually dreary department of fiction. Both the incidents and the treatment are purely conventional and the characters lack reality and life. Famines being prominent just now there is of course a famine but it might as well be in Connemara as in the State here called Rewarâ. The India is the India of "Carnac Sahib" and Madame Tussaud. There is the noble but misguided Raja who risks all in order to restore the ancient glory of his house and having failed, naturally becomes an honoured and loyal supporter of the British Râj. After the manner of Rajas he discusses politics with his chief Rani in the emblematic language heavy with roses and moons and dewdrops which Rajas and Ranis no doubt reserve for such occasions. Then we have military operations conducted on each side, one is tempted to surmise, by a lady journalist. There is the usual Russian spy or agent provocateur, a military adventurer with some dyed gunners of Eastern complexion and Slavonic features. The inevitable Sikh sepoys do the stage fighting and a misspelt Sikh Subahdar violates the rule of his religion by smoking a hubble-bubble. The impossible Colonel who dominates the whole story and outwits the rebels by devices peculiar to the Indian Colonel of fiction marries the medical missionary lady who evidently lies so near to the heart of the writer as to suggest a source of inspiration.

"By the Ramparts of Jezreel." By Arnold Davenport. London: Longmans. 1903. 6s.

We should not be surprised to find before long our dramatists and novelists making the Bible quite a popular book in semi-literary circles. The public to-day will not, we believe, read original works: it likes to have the great characters of history and literature, of whom it has vaguely heard, introduced in a new dress. It does not apparently mind what liberties are taken in the presentment. Mr. Davenport, we suspect, will not lose any popularity he might otherwise have gained by representing the prophet Elijah as a renegade Egyptian priest, by taking some twenty years off the age of Jezebel, introducing her as radiant in youth and beauty when her granddaughter was wife of the King of Judah, and making her flirt with her own son Jehoram, who for "literary" purposes here becomes her stepson. Really some new William Morris will have to write the Defence of Jezebel if this sort of thing is to go on. Apart from these trivial considerations, the story is a fair example of a third-rate Biblical novel. Most of its incidents and accessories seem to be borrowed from Flaubert's "Salammbô" and Kingsley's "Hypatia", the Goths of the latter book being replaced by Cretan mercenaries, a masterly touch which brings the story into connexion with recent archaeological discovery, Zeus of the double-axe, and all the rest of it. Jehu—a very Wilson Barrettish Jehu—is the hero, and there is quite a lot of fine writing.

"The Long Vigil." By F. Jenner Tayler. London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

A sense of humour would have prevented Mr. Jenner Tayler from wasting his by no means inconsiderable powers on a theme which is unsuited for treatment in a novel. In almost all cases it is inadvisable to drag into fiction figures rendered sacred by their connexion with religious sentiment. It is only justified by exceptional distinction of treatment. And it is here Mr. Tayler fails. With every desire to be reverent he succeeds only in being ridiculous. It is just possible that the central idea round which the story is written—the idea of S. John the Divine remaining on earth through the ages to help poor fallen humanity—treated by a master hand, might have been developed into a powerful story. But when, in all seriousness, Mr. Tayler makes his S. John a kind of street-corner ranter who is always provoking religious discussions, and who "establishes himself against the chest of drawers" in a young man's room and proceeds to tell him that it is his duty to

contract a loveless marriage with an unattractive girl, we feel that we can no longer trust ourselves safely in the author's hands. It is a pity, because Mr. Tayler is not deficient in other respects. He knows how to write as he proved in his earlier book "Wanted—A Hero". But he needs to acquire a sense of congruity and dramatic fitness.

"The Red House." By E. Nesbit. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Thin, but entertaining, is this latest excursion of an author who is favourably known as teller of tales for youthful readers. The story is of the slightest, but the slightness is more than compensated for by the lack of conventionality; a young couple who have recently married are dwelling in a suburban "band-box" when the husband inherits a fine old house and the income, wholly inadequate for its upkeep, of two hundred pounds a year. Instead of letting the Red House, as more conventional folk would have done, Len and Chloe decide to live in it, which they do much to their own gratification and the entertainment of those who read of their experiences as sympathetically and pleasantly set forth by E. Nesbit. An author who writes for the most part with distinction should exercise such care in revision as not to pass four lines like these: "the two Persian praying-mats that my brother had sent us for a wedding-present lay heavy and sodden. The ceiling was discoloured in patches, and one could see the big drops gather and hang heavy before they fell in heavy capricious showers on furniture, books" &c.

"An Unwise Virgin." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: Long. 1903. 6s.

The title of this book puzzles us. Certainly any girl would be so who married such an ass as the hero—but we are not sure that Mrs. Kernahan knows him for an ass. There is a fine medley of lunatics, murders, devil-worship, baby-farming and other attractive features of modern life, but it is all quite proper and ends happily.

"The Magic of To-morrow." By Cyril Seymour. London: Chatto and Windus. 1903. 6s.

On the title-page the author describes his book as "the strange true story of one who claimed foreknowledge of the day that never comes". But Mr. Seymour has not the power of carrying conviction. The story is sensational without being interesting. It lacks merit of any kind.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." 1649-1656. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. In four vols. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1903. 5s.

We are very glad to have this cheaper edition of the "History of the Commonwealth" which is uniform with the four volumes in the cheap edition of the "Great Civil War". It is produced in the sound and simple style we associate with the work of this firm, and probably in just the form which would have been approved of by the author. This volume, to which Mr. Firth supplies a short introduction and here and there a note in square brackets, takes us up to the disgrace soon after Dunbar of Argyll, the Achitophel of his time and land. It is "facty" of course, but we would not envy the mind that found the whole dull. It is lit up by flashes of rare insight; and there is pathos and humour here too as witness the passage that describes the last days of Montrose, so great in nobility so little in the craft of State; and the few touches that show Charles II. in the toils of the Covenanters. It has been said—though it seems incredible—that he fell on his knees when he heard of the victory of Cromwell and Lambert at Dunbar, and thanked God that he had been delivered from his enemies. It seems however that—thanks perhaps to the influence of Argyll—they let him play "goff" near Scone on week days.

"The Economic Interpretation of History." By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Columbia University Press. London: Macmillan. 1902. 6s. 6d. net.

This little work of a hundred and seventy pages by a distinguished American Professor of Political Economy appears dear for its size but it is an extremely valuable study of the important subject of which it treats. It is concerned with the question whether economic needs and economic changes form the real clue to social, legal, political and even religious institutions; whether history is to be written from that point of view; and if the theory is not wholly true within what limits may it be taken as furnishing an explanation of historic growth.

A great part of the book consists of a discussion of the influence which Marx and Engels exercised over writers on economics and historians. They were in fact the first thoroughgoing exponents of the theory though Buckle was the first conscious exponent of "materialistic development". It is however in the earlier and less known writings of Marx in his great work on Capital, and in Engels as his exponent, that the full development of a very fruitful idea is to be found. Professor Seligman shows that in this, as in other respects, neo-Marxians exaggerated a doctrine which in the masters themselves was carefully limited. He himself decidedly leans towards giving the full importance which they claimed for it; and he seems to us successfully to defend it against objections which have been made against it. Especially interesting is the disentanglement of the theory from its connexion in Marx with his socialistic doctrine. It is shown that its validity is entirely independent of his special connexion—which is by no means a necessary one; though it has prejudiced it; and has in fact been objected to on that ground very illogically. We join in the Professor's hope that his treatment of this important topic may lead to its fuller discussion by economists historians and philosophers on whose departments it equally bears.

"Andrea Palladio: His Life and Works." By F. Fletcher. London: Bell. 1902. 21s. net.

It is difficult to understand the purpose of this book. An authoritative account of Palladio is undoubtedly wanted, written with knowledge of the Italian Renaissance in general and of Palladio's architecture in particular, but there is a regrettable absence of both these qualifications in Mr. Fletcher's work. He appears to have drawn his material from Paolo Gualdo's life, and from Ottavio Bertotti Scamozzi's monumental work on the designs and buildings of Palladio, and the letterpress is illustrated with photographs and reproductions of engravings, chiefly from Leoni's great edition. We find no trace of personal research on the spot, the author's contribution consisting of certain fatuous modern allusions, and a most extraordinary jumble of apophthegms on English architecture in his concluding chapter. The book moreover is full of inaccuracies, starting with an error which is simply paralysing. Mr. Fletcher says in a preliminary note "an English foot is to the Vicenza foot as 1.13" is to 1 foot"; and that we are therefore to add 1/4 to the Vicentine foot to make it equal to an English foot. Leoni says definitely that the English foot makes only 10 1/2" of the Vicentine foot. After this, such mistakes as Barbero for Barbaro, and the labelling of the Villa Armerigo as the Villa Capra, are comparatively trifling. Mr. Fletcher's English leaves much to be desired, both in vocabulary and grammar, and would be the better for revision by an intelligent printer's reader. The life of Palladio has yet to be written.

"How to Work the Education Act." By T. J. Macnamara and Marshall Jackman. London: at "The Schoolmaster" Office. 1903. 1s.

Dr. Macnamara, in conjunction with Mr. Jackman, places at the service of Education Authorities and Boards of Management that extensive practical acquaintance with the working of the administrative system of education, which was so conspicuous during the debates in the House of Commons last year. He showed himself then to be one of the sanest opponents of the Government on the points where he disagreed with its proposals, and now he states that it is with the object of enabling the Act to be worked so as to get the best out of it possible that this extraordinarily comprehensive volume has been written. The statistics it gives are of the most complete description on all the topics of administration: they are most ably directed to the points which it is necessary to know if management is to be made intelligent. Take, for example, the extensive tables of over fifty pages giving the estimated future expenditure for administrative counties for elementary education which give the schools provided and non-provided in all the counties of England and Wales. Enormous labour has been spent over their compilation; and they put into the hands of Education Committees and Boards of Management means of making comparison between their own schools and others which will be of the greatest utility. Managers and their duties, the staffing of schools, the applications of the various grants, teachers' salaries, their appointments, and all the other matters of policy which will have to be considered, are suggested, stated, and explained, with an abundance of illustration which could only have been supplied by writers who know their subject thoroughly and are animated by a wise enthusiasm.

"Lorenzo Lotto: an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism." By Bernhard Berenson. London: George Bell and Sons. 1901.

In this, the second edition of Mr. Berenson's magnum opus, are to be found, in addition to the author's recent discoveries, not all, but nearly all, the results of other students' researches in regard to the work and life of Lotto. To the truly scientific mind, it is said nothing that is true is entirely unimportant, and nothing is dull except rhetoric. Nevertheless we cannot but regret that, when several Italian artists of the highest rank are still waiting for a competent historian, a writer, with such qualifications as Mr. Berenson possesses, should have devoted

so much effort to elucidating the artistic career of a secondary artist and his master. Mr. Berenson has spent too long a time in exploring a back-water of art history—time which might have been better occupied in tracing, and defining accurately the course of some portion of the main stream. That he has done so is due to the fact that he over-rated the importance of the method called Morellian. That method, inasmuch as it concerns itself with the mechanical and the unartistic, is only of real value in determining the authorship of works of inferior masters. When Mr. Berenson, therefore, made it his chief aim to illustrate the proper practice of the Morellian method, he was compelled to choose an inferior painter for the subject of his work. We do not intend to discuss Mr. Berenson's learned monograph in detail. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing our surprise that he has not alluded to the influence of Boltraffio upon Lotto, an influence which strikingly manifests itself in the Puslowksi "Madonna", a work which we assign to a later date than that given to it by the author. But in the case of an artist so easily influenced, so untiringly imitative, as Lotto was, it is possible, even for a discriminating critic, to fail to detect all his borrowings.

"World Pictures." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. London: Black. 1902. 20s. net.

From the notices of previous works printed at the end of this volume we gather that Mr. Menpes is the darling of the Press; the papers tumble over one another in admiration. One of the austere, a weekly, says that "it is perhaps superfluous to state that the hundred illustrations in colour which adorn this work—being exquisitely skilful reproductions of Mr. Menpes's beautiful paintings—leave absolutely nothing to be desired". A Scottish daily chimes in "It is the very atmosphere and sunshine of the Orient upon which one gazes, with all the brilliance, the prodigality of its colour, and its daring chromatic harmonies". All we can say, in our humble way, is that we

(Continued on page 270.)

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have always preferred photographs to Mr. Menpes' drawings, and that whatever the daring of the three-colour process we are unable to find its chromatics harmonious.

"John Bull's Year Book" for 1903, edited by Arthur A'Beckett, is described as "a merry manual full of facts and fancies, grave and gay, for home and foreign consumption". It sandwiches some amusing reflections on things in general between the data which one looks for in the ordinary reference book. Its main purpose seems to be to herald the reappearance of "John Bull" whose first and only issue came to hand months ago. We are in quite a different atmosphere when we open the pages of "The Reformer's Year Book", hitherto known as "The Labour Manual", which opens with Christina Rossetti's poem "Up-hill", and strikes a pessimistic note in its preface. Among its miscellaneous features are articles on the labour movement at home and abroad by Mr. Herbert Burrows, M. Leon de Seilhac, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, N. W. Tchaykovsky and others.

SERMONS AND CRITICAL THEOLOGY.

"Feeling After Him." Sermons preached, for the most part, in Westminster Abbey. Second Series. By Basil Wilberforce. London: Elliot Stock. 1902. 5s.

Archdeacon Wilberforce has a great command of language; we do not know a writer who can use more words; we wade knee-deep in them; he talks about God being "withheld by the utter perfection of His own essential nature from the oscillating variableness which would interfere and subordinate His own splendid purpose to the arrangement of physical details", and so on. There is a great rush and whirl about his discourses; he is always preaching in superlatives; always fulminating against somebody; the upholders of the drink traffic, or of the doctrine of eternal punishment, the unfortunate orthodox people who believe in creeds, their opponents who believe in nothing at all—these are all denounced in turn and castigated with the same air of insolent and pretentious superiority; we felt, as we read, that we were being preached to death by wild curates. But there is very little except words in the volume; very little theology, and not much interpretation of Scripture, for the texts are used as pegs for rhetoric rather than with any sober attempt to get at their meaning; and the philosophy and science are on much the same level as the exegesis. The majority of readers who can understand these discourses will see through them.

"Thirty Years of the Lights and Shades of Clerical Life in the Diocese of London. By Edward Ker Gray. London: Rivingtons. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

The first half of this book is quite amusing. Dr. Ker Gray takes a fresh and cheery interest in the details of his not very eventful life. First he tells us all about his family; how his father "went to Christ Church College (!), Oxford, of which Dr. Liddell was then Master (!); he had rooms in the college and was waited on by a scout as usual"; then how he himself "took the degree of Associate of King's College", London, and matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1862; and how he played the big drum in volunteer bands in London and at Cambridge (there is a portrait of him in uniform with his drum; but he would appear to have been an adept at a wind instrument as well. We also have descriptions of the amateur theatricals in which he took part; complimentary newspaper accounts of the lectures he has delivered, sermons he has preached, and testimonials he has received; we have counted up four services of silver plate and a silver-gilt dressing case, so he has not done badly. The history of his struggle to have S. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street, licensed for marriages is given and we note that at a meeting on the subject he numbered the Rev. R. C. Fillingham among his supporters; he finishes the account with what reads almost like an advertisement; "from the date of the issue of the license, all marriages can be performed in S. George's Church, either by banns or by license". But what pleases him most of all is his 9 o'clock Sunday evening service in the Season; he prints all the newspaper descriptions of it he can find and reproduces illustrations from "Living London" and other papers; the "Living London" picture has been "intensely admired and appreciated by many of the supporters of S. George's Chapel". We have said that the first part of the book is amusing, and our readers will have seen in what way. But in the second we cannot laugh either with or at Dr. Gray; he has inflicted on us a series of his own addresses and sermons.

"Saint Cajetan." By R. de Maul de la Clavière. Translated by G. E. Ely ("The Saints"). London: Duckworth. 1902. 3s.

Saint Cajetan, or Gaetano da Tiene, must be distinguished from Cardinal Cajetan, who lived about the same time and whose name is probably more familiar to English readers. The Saint however exercised quite as important an influence on the Roman Church as the Cardinal, for he was the founder of the religious order of Theatines, so called because their first

provost, Caraffa, was called Theatinus as being Bishop of Chieti (Teate Marrucinorum). Gaetano's life is interesting and his character attractive; and if his biographer is somewhat excessive in his admiration of Rome and everything Roman he has at any rate told his story pleasantly.

"Oxford and Cambridge Conferences: Second Series 1900-1901." By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Sands. 1902. 5s.

It is always refreshing to come across a preacher who knows his own mind; who thinks clearly and talks plainly; Father Rickaby is such a one and his sermons are interesting and bracing. Some of them are very short, one or two seem to end in the middle, and in the later conferences on the theory of morals though the language is simple the line of thought is not easy to follow; but the addresses on Casuistry and Sectarianism are good, and that on Intercessory Prayer admirable. The clergy of the English Church would learn from this book the advantage a thorough training in dogmatic theology (the very subject which is so badly taught with us) gives the preacher; and they would also, we hope, be glad to realise what a large amount of common ground there is to Romans and Anglicans in defending their religion; at the same time the distinctively Roman doctrines do not become more attractive to us in spite of all Father Rickaby's good sense and frankness. It is strange that he is conscious that the members of his Church get the reputation of being Pharisaic in their contempt for Christians outside their own communion; and yet, though he thinks the imputation unjust, that is exactly the impression that his book produces on us; there is an assumption throughout that "Catholics" are superior to other Christians, and this is rather irritating to the other Christians; no doubt the same impression is produced by Protestant books on Catholics. We cannot close without quoting one story which the writer gives as an instance of ignorance in moral matters. An Irish gentleman of the sixteenth century went to confession to a monk, who asked him if he were faultless in the sin of homicide. "He answered that he never wist the matter to be heinous before; but being instructed thereof, he confessed to murder of five—the rest he left wounded, so as he knew not whether they lived or no."

"The Bulwarks of the Faith: Evolution, the Higher Criticism, and the Resurrection of Christ." By E. H. Archer-Shepherd. London: Rivingtons. 1902. 5s. net.

We are glad to know that the clergy are seriously studying the problems of evolution, comparative religion, and the higher criticism, and that they read papers to each other at clerical meetings; whether they are wise in publishing the papers afterwards is another matter. A series of fairly good papers does not necessarily make up into a good book; there is always a tendency to go over well-trodden ground, to become diffuse in statement and conversational in style and so forth—faults hardly noticeable when the papers are read to friends, but obvious enough when they are printed all together. Mr. Archer-Shepherd is an enthusiastic disciple of the higher criticism and a firm believer that its conclusions will strengthen our Christian faith by making it more reasonable; and he certainly has the power of communicating his conviction to his readers. He has also got up his subjects from the usual text-books; but this is hardly a sufficient justification for adding another book to the enormous amount of popular literature on the subject. Almost everybody thinks now that he can write on the higher criticism, and writes as if no one had ever written about it before; and we doubt if there is anything in this book which is not equally well put elsewhere.

"Criticism of the New Testament." S. Margaret's Lectures, 1902. London: Murray. 1902. 6s. net.

This is a series of admirable lectures delivered by scholars, clerical and lay, in the Church of S. Margaret, Westminster; they should form to any intelligent reader a useful introduction to the study of the New Testament. Dr. Sanday opens with a paper on a subject he dearly loves and knows how to treat better than most people—a sketch of the present position of New Testament criticism, with a forecast as to the direction it will probably take in the near future; all in a tone of quiet optimism which seems to have been growing on him of late. Dr. Kenyon gives a singularly clear account of the history of manuscript transmission and the problems of textual criticism; Mr. Burkitt treats of the ancient versions and does not let his mastery over details obscure his perception of the broad features of the subject; but why does he say that only fragments of Tatian's Diatessaron survive, embedded in Ephraem Syrus and Aphraates? The Diatessaron itself was unearthed in an Arabic version and published with a Latin translation by Ciasca at Rome in 1888. Dr. Chase writes on the Canon of the New Testament, Mr. Headlam on the dates of the various books, and Dr. J. H. Bernard on the historic value of the Acts. All these essays are good; intelligently conservative, with some shrewd criticism of radical theories, not only instructive, but also interesting. We are glad that Mr. Headlam draws attention to the early tradition that the fourth Gospel was written down by Papias at S. John's dictation; this tradition is found in a "preface" to S. John's Gospel

found in two Vulgate MSS., and some extremely early and valuable matter has come down to us in those Vulgate prefaces and capitula. Mr. Burkitt remarked this in his "Two Lectures on the Gospels" published last year but we do not know that other scholars have taken account of it. We should say that Canon Henson supplies a short introduction to this volume with not so many "ominous signs of the times" as usual.

"A Christian Apologetic." By W. L. Robbins. ("Handbooks for the Clergy"). London: Longmans. 1902. 2s. 6d. net.

It is a bold experiment to attempt an apology for Christianity in a book of two hundred small pages; but we do not see why it should be impossible. Surely it might be practicable to indicate the main lines of defence briefly and yet clearly; the "Analogy" was not a bulky volume, but Butler managed to say in it most that could be said in defence of revealed religion. To do this however requires the gift of compression and Dr. Robbins, who is an American clergyman, has been denied that gift; his eloquence is of the florid type. He has therefore obtained brevity not by condensation in treatment but by limitation of area; it is a small part of the field of Christian apologetic that he covers; his book is mainly concerned with defending the divinity of our Saviour by the appeal to His moral character, His teaching, and His claims. Other points certainly come under review such as miracles, the trustworthiness of the Christian records, and the witness of prophecy; the chapter on this is the best in the book. The whole is bright and fairly interesting, if not very original or acute or deep.

For This Week's Books see page 272.

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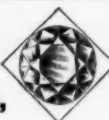
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The introductory article in this Series appeared on Jan. 3; the article on Eton College appeared Jan. 17; the article on Harrow appeared Jan. 31; that on Winchester appeared Feb. 14; that on Charterhouse appears to-day; and that on Rugby will appear on March 14.

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Mr. Macdonald seconded the motion, which was carried with one dissentient.

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